The Bishop's Wife

Robert Nathan

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ROBERT NATHAN

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Robert Nathan is one of that almost extinct fauna, a born New Yorker. Not only was he born and educated on Manhattan Island, but he lives there and prefers it to any other spot he knows of. He wrote his first novel when he was twenty-five and has produced one each year ever since. There is no American author who is a finer stylist. "He has all of a bird's limpidity and all of a Parisian's sophistication. His is a sort of a music which will not stale and a wine exempt from lees."

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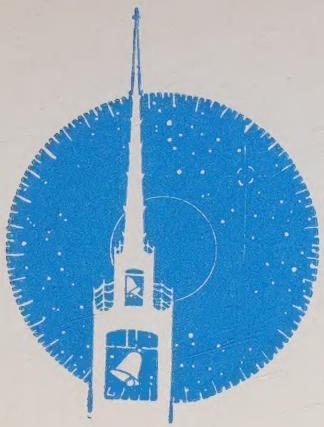

The

Bishop's Wife

By

Robert Nathan

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THE BISHOP'S WIFE

CHAPTER 1

All about, in the cities and in the villages, the country was being built. No longer parched by deserts, devoured by wolves, and scalped by Indians, the descendants of the pioneers were erecting buildings of marble and steel, hundreds of feet into the air, and covering acres of ground. Everywhere were mines, mills, bridges, cities, farms, and power-plants. Nevertheless, the pioneers still persisted, since everybody was a pioneer. But there were certain differences.

These differences were of a practical nature. That is to say people were not obliged to suffer discomfort any longer. As a matter of fact, the entire country groaned with comfort, although it had not yet reached its full devel-

opment. This gave rise to an extraordinary state of mind. At the moment that whole cities were being torn down in order to make room for something larger, it was generally conceded that everything was perfect. So it was possible to admire the country's perfection, and at the same time to assist in its improvement.

In the schools, children were taught that four is twice as large as two; and to despise foreigners. As a result, there emerged from the schoolrooms of the nation a race of men and women filled with pride, and anxious to increase two into four. Nothing was allowed to stand in the way of this ambition.

It was the duty of the Church to illuminate with the light of piety the vigorous battles of the industrial world. This was not considered difficult or astonishing, in view of modern exegesis.

* * *

The bishop's house stood on a hill above the city. From one window he could see the river; and from another, the gray cathedral, which stood on the same hill, pointing with sharp, stone fingers at the sky. The city made a steady noise all about; and the cathedral also made a sound, with its bells. They rose in peal upon peal from the gray walls stained by the pigeons, and disputed with horns, shouts, squeals, rumbles, and human cries.

The bishop's study was on the ground floor of his house. Along the walls stood his book-cases, containing the works of the Fathers of the Church, and biographies of eminent business men. In the one he had studied theology: from the other, he had learned administration. For the bishop had many problems. He controlled, as regent of God, not one, but two cathedrals, twenty churches, twelve parish houses, two deans, three archdeacons, more

than one hundred curates, deacons and sextons, seven female auxiliaries, and a great deal of money. To assist him in the discharge of his duties, he employed a secretary and several clerks. Now he sat alone in his study, considering some problems of administration.

They did not cause him much concern. For the most part, and in matters of routine, his assistants did very well; they took care of things. However, they could not help him procure a new archdeacon for the cathedral; or, for that matter, a larger cathedral. Such problems as these he was obliged to settle for himself, as head of his church.

He was kind, upright, and vigorous. It could be said of him that he had enthusiasm, for he was still, in a manner of speaking, a young man. And he dreamed of a magnificent cathedral able to do honor to the city, and to his diocese. He imagined it rising into the

clouds, and including upon the grounds an office building with elevators and improvements. It soared upward, in the direction of Heaven, immaculate, marble, and set back in pyramids according to the building code.

However, there was no hurry about it. In the meanwhile, there was the matter of the archdeacon to be attended to.

The bishop gave a deep sigh.

There were many candidates for this office, but none, thought the bishop, of the stuff of which an archdeacon is made. And he went over in his mind the qualities he wished to find in his assistant. In the first place, the archdeacon of St. Timothy's must be a man of firm and fundamental views. He must believe in Heaven and Hell, and in the miracles. He must believe that God was watching . . . that was no reason, the bishop thought, for him to be tactless. God, he reflected, and the bankers,

love a tactful man. For himself, he had, he felt sure, piety enough for both; but he needed help with his accounts. A good hand at figures, a tongue of fire in the pulpit, a healing way with the doubtful, a keen eye for the newspapers . . .

Where, thought the bishop, is there to be found a man compounded of equal parts of piety, tact, energy, and ability?

"What I need," he exclaimed, "is an angel from Heaven."

And he raised his eyes to the ceiling, although he did not expect an angel to appear.

Nor did an angel at that moment make his appearance. Instead, the bishop arose, and went to look for his wife, whom he found seated before the mirror in her room. She was brushing out her long golden hair, before she pinned it with a neat and womanly twist at the back of her head. It rippled under the

brush, it flowed across her wrist, as she turned to smile at him.

"Dear," she said, "is there anything you want? I'm on my way to the park; and I must hurry, for I'm late already."

And she gave him a hurrying look, over her arm.

The bishop did not want anything at all. As he gazed at his wife he experienced a feeling of satisfaction. He saw eyes, nose, hips, hair, arms, all in order: he saw her all complete. How well she attended to everything: she dressed herself, she fixed her hair . . . yes, she did everything very well for herself. And for this reason it was a comfort to watch her. She was attractive, but she was capable; she did not ask him to help her with anything. He believed that he satisfied her as a bishop; and felt that nothing further was expected of him.

Nevertheless, he was uncomfortable because

she was going out; it saddened him, for it left him alone with the archdeacon. He would have liked to remain looking at her—watching her adroit hands and amiable expression, taking comfort from her tidiness. She seemed so certain of herself . . . seemed so to him, at least . . . was there such a thing as doubt in that pretty golden head of hers? Never, he felt sure; and in her deft and quiet presence, treated himself to feelings of peace.

"You're like a child," she said, "standing there. . . . Is anything the matter? I must go, for I've promised to meet Juliet in the Mall, and take her from the nurse. Can I do anything for you? But not too much, dear, or I'll never get off."

She drew on her hat, twisting her hair beneath the brim, patting the crown into shape. And she stood there smiling gently into the mirror, in which she saw only vaguely, her

thoughts being dreamy, her own slender figure.

"Julia," said the bishop, "to-night I should really like to stay at home. I have a great deal on my mind."

Her look flew over him as lightly as a moth. "You're sure you're all right, dear?" she asked.

"I dare say," replied the bishop, "that I am." He paused; he would have liked to look a little dismal, for sympathy. But there was really nothing to complain of. He felt lonely, and his problems troubled his mind, empty, for the moment, of divine grace.

"Well," said Julia brightly, "that's all right, then; we're at home to-night, and the nurse is out. So . . . now what else is there? Have you an errand for me? Then good-by; come and talk to me this evening, after Juliet's bath."

"I have put a few socks," said the bishop, "on my bed. There are some holes in them."

"I'll see about that," said Julia, "when I come home."

But the bishop did not want his wife to leave. "I would like to talk to you," he said. "About the ladies of St. Mary's."

"That also," said his wife, "will keep."

And she added, smiling indulgently, "Was that all you wished to say?"

The bishop went on hurriedly:

"What are you going to do this afternoon, you and Juliet? The carousel is closed in this cold weather. But I suppose the Mall is full of children. I wish I had nothing to do, and could go with you. Perhaps a walk would do me good. If it were not that I am very busy . . . "

"Good-by," said Julia, giving his cheek a kiss; and she went out to meet her daughter in the park.

The bishop stood alone among his wife's

chairs and tables. The cold light of early winter, striking through the curtains, tried in vain to chill the room which remained warm, disorderly, and delicately fragrant. As he stood, gazing thoughtfully at the walls, his mind began to feel relieved of its troubles, and his thoughts to take on a certain importance. The perfection of his home consoled him in the midst of the most perplexing problems. He was like a collector who loves his treasures because they are complete, and because they belong to him. It is the love of a child for his toys, or for his mother. Such a passion, without desire and without despair, sustains the human race which leaves to its heirs collections of stamps, porcelains, books, and furniture.

The bishop did not compare his wife to books or porcelains. Nevertheless, he closed her door as one closes the door of a museum, and went down-stairs to his study with re-

newed spirit. In his house all was comfortable and complete. Very well: in the midst of this peace, in which nothing was lacking, he would equip himself with courage to continue his work in a world where everything was still being built. His cathedral took shape again before his eyes. And he wrote down on a sheet of paper:

Mrs. Guerdon . . . . . $ 5000

Mr. Lanyarde 2nd . . . 10000

Mrs. Hope 500

Then, after a pause, he wrote:

Mr. Cohen . . . . . $ 5000

But presently he crossed this out, and wrote instead:

Mr. Cohen . . . . . $ 1000

And he continued his list with a sigh.

CHAPTER 2

When the bishop was ten years old, a picture of Sir Galahad hung from the wall above his wardrobe where he kept his linen, some books by Horatio Alger, and a sort of shrine, composed of two candles and a picture of Jesus embraced by a crown of thorns. Here, before the candles whose significance was lost to him, he would stand, trembling with adoration, lifting up his heart toward God, whom he supposed to be older than his father, and a little bigger. Overwhelmed by the noblest feelings and impulses, he wished to be pure: to lead a life, like Bayard, without fear and without reproach.

At the age of sixteen, in answer to his misgivings, his father, a wealthy manufacturer, addressed him thus: "My son, the time has

come for me to inform you about certain matters. Your mother believes that you are old enough to know how it was that you came into the world; although, for my part, we could wait a little. . . . In the first place, let me remind you that to the pure, all things are pure. There are certain simple rules of hygiene. . . . Then there are the birds and the flowers . . . well, how marvelous that is. In this way, life is caused to continue from generation to generation. Remember," he added sternly, "that marriage of a man and a woman is above all a pure and holy thing. As for the rest . . . there is a certain matter of hygiene . . . Do not trouble your head about it."

His mother on the other hand, drawing his head down to her bosom, exclaimed with a sigh, "My poor son." And she remained silent, lost in mysterious thoughts which troubled and perplexed him.

Presently she added, "I can assure you that what you imagine to be so important, is not important at all."

And because she was of a devout turn of mind, she concluded mysteriously, "Faith alone will help you to bear the disappointments of life. The Church is a great refuge. Never forget to say your prayers."

The future bishop had no occasion to doubt anything his mother had said to him.

When he was ordained, she did not attempt to conceal her satisfaction. But when he told her that he wished to be married, she grew very gloomy. And her dejection was only increased by the sight of Julia, glowing with youth, ignorance, and bliss.

For Julia looked forward to her marriage with the most radiant hopes. She expected to discover, in her husband's arms, that felicity about which she had thought a great deal. At

the same time, she had a horror of ugliness: her ardent nature longed to express itself only in terms of beauty and sentiment. She was generous and loving, but she knew that she was ignorant and that life could be painful: and for this reason she respected the young minister whose ideas, like his religion, comforted and reassured her. She felt that life with him would be beautiful, like a church service.

Nevertheless, she insisted that she wished to share everything with him, not only joy, but sorrow; and trembling with apprehension, she exclaimed:

"We will always be happy together, because you are my ideal."

And he would reply, "No, it is you who are my ideal."

"But perhaps you will grow tired of me. I am stupid; really, I know nothing."

Then he would declare, "I am glad you know nothing. You are so innocent; and I love you."

And he would clasp her in his arms, but not so hard as to crush her.

The marriage took place in the cathedral, and was attended by many people of society. Surrounded by flowers, the bride and groom gazed at each other through happy tears. She thought that her slender body, which trembled with love as shy, virginal, and tender as a child's, was soon to partake of a terrifying but beautiful communion. Then her ignorance would be gone, drowned in happiness. She was upon the threshold of felicity.

She gave herself joyously to the sacrifice, sustained by a thousand hopes.

That night, in the darkness, the young divine entered the room where his wife bravely awaited him, the covers drawn about her

throat in which she felt a choking sensation.

Tenderly, and not without embarrassment, he explained to her the unimportant nature of what he was obliged to do. As he described it, it seemed to her no more than a simple act of hygiene. In the face of that necessity, severe, and without beauty, she held herself taut but meek. It was soon over. She was a married woman.

And while her husband lay sleeping beside her, she lay with wet eyes, reconstructing her hopes. So that was the great secret, for which she was made woman, and he man. This, then, was marriage—this strange and painful moment, followed by an ashamed silence. Felicity . . .

"No," she murmured wearily to the dawn, "it is not important. It is not important at all."

And with a gesture of infinite resignation,

she bent over to give her sleeping husband a a kiss, cool as a lily petal, motherly, and reserved.

Seven years later, Juliet was born. It was this child, now four years old, whom Julia was on her way to meet in the park.

CHAPTER 3

JULIET BROUGHAM, at four and a half, took after her mother, which is not surprising, seeing that it was only to her mother's intense longing for a child that she owed her life at all. For the period following her wedding was not a very happy time for Julia. The young bishop-to-be had much to engross his mind; his duties, as he saw them, no less than his convictions, kept his thoughts severe. At night, on those rare occasions when he came to her, she lay unhappy and reserved, made ashamed by the feeling that God was watching to see that her thoughts were pure; and knowing only too well that business was waiting behind the door to claim her husband afterward, in case slumber missed him. The dreams of

her youth, baffled by his devout and practical manner, repelled by his caresses without beauty and without joy—her deep and ardent affections, which her husband seemed only too anxious to avoid, turned in upon herself; in which state of mind, and after five unhappy years, she conceived and in due course of time gave birth to a daughter.

She was named Juliet—after his wife, the bishop thought. But that was not what Julia meant at all: she was far too modest to think of calling her child after herself. Juliet, for her, was the name of that young girl of Verona whose tragic love has everywhere helped to make youth and sorrow better friends.

However, she would never have admitted it.

She did not believe that love was all and only what her husband told her. Deep in her heart she believed that passion and tenderness might go hand in hand, that ardor and shame

need not follow each other. But she said no more about it. She was a good wife: she made her husband comfortable. Only in her dreams, and dim and far away like a lost light, she still held to her hope: she could not see it, but she knew that it was there. And to her daughter—who had sprung, so it seemed to her, from her own longings alone, whom, on a night of passion turned in upon itself, she had drawn up into life and air from some deep, unused region of her being—she gave the full and aching love her husband would have found embarrassing.

"You belong to me," she would say, gazing dreamily at the tiny being in whose conception and birth her husband seemed to have played no more than a technical part.

"You are my child."

Juliet saw everything in the sweet and misty light of her mother's love for her. She

saw everything as real, and everything as loving. She expected the wooden horses on the carousel to run away with her; and the angels her father recommended to her prayers lived for her as joyous children older than herself, with long white wings.

Nothing surprised and nothing saddened her, unless it was some sadness of her mother's. Then her little face grew crestfallen, and her lips trembled with sympathy. But mostly she ran happily about, up and down, amusing herself with her own motions, which were those of an awkward little animal.

If she had any longings at all, they were to be admired, and to be grown up. She approached her mother in the Mall with a serious look. "Well," she said, "what do you think? Am I rumpled?"

"No, my dear," said Julia, "you're not. But don't be so neat. Go and rumple."

"I don't need to," said Juliet. "I'm playing a not-very-rumpling game."

She gave a hop. "Mother," she said.

"Yes, my darling?"

"Do you think I'm very grown up?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Well," she said, "I like it when you take care of me."

And she gazed with a lofty expression at her little cousin, Potter Guerdon, whose mother never took him from his nurse in the Mall, for fear he might be naughty.

Potter was bashful, for Juliet dazzled him. He regarded her with an admiration which he refused to admit either to her, or to himself. In her presence the rages with which he impressed himself upon his nurse or his mother, turned into petulance or tears. Now he stood at a distance, and stared at Juliet with his mouth open. He seemed to be saying: Is it

really? . . . What a wonder, what a wonder.

But Juliet paid no attention to this look with which she was familiar. "I'm more grown up than him," she said. "He's only a little child."

Julia smiled across at Potter's nurse. But her thoughts were small and sharp, like needles stitching in her heart. Yes, she thought, you are very grown up, my darling. You are not a baby any more. You can do things for yourself, think out things for yourself. The little hands which fumbled for life, already point in not-to-be-disobeyed commands. And Potter obeys them, with his mouth open. Soon you will not need me at all, not even to take care of you in the Mall. You will turn to some one else. Will he leave you heartsick, too, for the beauty you hoped to find, for the love you meant to give?

And what will I do then? What will happen

to me when you do not need me any longer? Shall I sit down in a corner like an old woman? But what have I to remember? Only . . . only the great love I wanted to give some one who was too busy—and too ashamed . . .

"Bother," said Juliet; "I've broke my chalk."

And she looked hopefully at Potter.

"No," said Potter.

"Give me your chalk, Potter," said Juliet, holding out her hand, "and then we can both play."

"I won't," said Potter.

Juliet looked at her mother, as one woman to another. "He won't," she said simply. And she added, as though that explained everything,

"He's only a little child."

It made no difference to Potter. Squatting on his heels, he began to draw uncertain

circles on the pavement. As soon as he had drawn one, he jumped about in it; then he drew another. One would think that he had forgotten Juliet, who stood watching him with an expression of patience. But when, a moment later, she ran off, waving her arms in an important way, and uttering happy cries, he dropped his chalk and ran after her. At the corner of a distant bench they stopped, and regarded each other with surprise. Then Juliet came back, and picked up the chalk.

"This is my hop-scotch," she told Potter. "You can't play in it."

And she applied herself earnestly to the circles and squares.

The afternoon sun, low in the south, filled the Mall with a yellow, watery light, in which the children played in front of bronze busts of famous men and under trees bare of leaves. The pigeons with cooing cries walked between

them, or flew in low arcs among the benches. Over all rose the tiny shouts, the plaintive voices of children disputing, laughing, complaining, going solemnly about their games in which already they displayed qualities of nobility, sobriety, impatience, and dislike for everybody else.

But the quality which distinguished Juliet was love. Not love in her father's sense; nor yet, perhaps, entirely in her mother's. For she not only wanted affection, but, unlike her mother, she quite meant to have it; there was nothing meek about her. She supposed that God loved her, but in a personal way; she took it for granted that He admired her. And had she met one of those angels about whom her father so often spoke—as she was, indeed, later destined to do—she would have said to him—as she did, in fact, say—"Do you love me?" and if he had said No, she would have

stared at him uncomprehending, with eyes full of tears.

Now, as the evening fell blue in the streets outside, she sat in the warm water of her bath, chasing a rubber fish from one end of the tub to the other, happy and absorbed. Her mother, with a wide towel across her knees, sat on a stool beside her, scrubbing her back as well as she could, soaping the wash-rag and wringing it out again. This was a happy hour of the day for Julia, this hour which was hers alone to make warm and gay; she could have cried with happy sorrow over the tiny shoulders, so round and fat, which depended upon her for soaping. "Ah," she cried, "I could eat you!"

Juliet looked up at her with a smile. "Mother," she said, "I'm not going to play games with Potter to-morrow. I'm going to hug him. I'm going to hug him like this."

And she gave the fish a watery kiss on its rubber snout.

"He won't like that," said Julia wisely.

Juliet brought the fish down with a smack in the water. "I'm going to, anyhow," she said.

She was drawn up, dripping and protesting, on to her mother's knees, muffled in towels, dried pink and rosy. Then she was put to bed, with her doll Maryannlouise and her book about the four bears, Howly, Prowly, Scowly, and Growly. She sat up, and looked at her mother moving busily about the room.

"Mother," she said, "do you love me?"

"I do, my darling."

"I mean do you really truly?"

"Really truly . . . truly."

"Well, come and do it then."

But when she had been loved enough, she pushed her mother's face away. "Now let's read," she said.

And she listened with rapture to the story

of Howly and Scowly, which she knew by heart. When the reading was over, she lay back and said her prayers. She asked blessings for every one. But for herself she asked God's unending admiration, although she said nothing about it.

Julia put the light out, and stepped into the hall, still feeling around her neck the pressure of her daughter's small round arms. She was smiling, her heart was humming: life was full and even. On the landing she met her husband, the bishop.

"I cannot make up my mind," he said, "about the archdeacon. Nothing but an angel from Heaven will solve my difficulties."

She looked at him mistily; she hardly saw him. "Well," she said vaguely, "ask God to send you one." And with her heart still humming, smiling to herself, she left him standing staring on the steps.

CHAPTER 4

THE bishop sat at his desk, writing a letter to the newspapers. It was an answer to the report of a committee in favor of restricting the grounds for divorce to adultery alone, and eliminating all other reasons. The bishop agreed with these findings, about which the newspapers had asked him for an opinion.

"Our conclusion is," he wrote, "that the New Testament recognizes but one ground for divorce, namely adultery. When we go beyond that ground, and sanction divorce and remarriage upon other grounds, we have parted company with God's express commands. If a strict adherence to the delivery of Our Lord on marriage and divorce seems a severe course to follow when dealing with particular cases,

let it be remembered that loyalty to His command can work but good to mankind in general. The divine laws are not given us in order that we may indulge ourselves, and the very book which contains the revelation of the law of God exhorts us to deny ourselves and subordinate the pleasures of time to the principles of life everlasting.

"Divorce is now competing with death as a dissolver of marriages in this country. One out of every six marriages ends in the divorce courts. It is easy to demonstrate from history that the increase in divorce, the thawing of family morality, and the breakdown of the sanctity of the home have ever been the heralds of national decline."

As he wrote, filled with a pure indignation, he saw in imagination the entire country given over to pleasure, to ruin, and decay. His mind, informed with apostolic vision, foresaw strikes,

riots, the blowing up of buildings, and the decline of religion. And he signed his name with a firm hand to this document designed to avert such disasters: "Henry Brougham D. D."

It was not to be expected that the Right Reverend Henry Brougham would take any other attitude toward divorce. Adultery was a great sin: for one thing, it sounded like a sin. The word still caused him a flutter of anxiety, as it had when he was a boy. It was like a sound out of Hell, suggestive and obscene.

For Hell and the Devil were real enough to Bishop Brougham, although he could not exactly describe them. Over and against the forces of evil were ranged the hosts of joy: the Trinity, God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the Virgin, the Powers, Thrones, Dominations, Angels and Saints, Bishops, Deans, Canons, Deacons, Cathedrals, Churches, Chapels, and Homes. The bishop knew that

nothing here could be overlooked: that if the bottom collapsed, the whole would come tumbling down. And for this reason he applied himself with energy to the homes. He could not banish evil from men's hearts, he could not bring about the millennium on earth. But he could—and would—keep man and wife together, for the glory of God, and the good of the country.

These thoughts caused him to bring the palm of his hand down on the table. "Divorce," he exclaimed, "is an instrument of the Devil." And he made a note of this remark for future reference.

Like the pioneers before him, and for the same reasons, the bishop's creed was simple and stern. To serve God, and thereby mankind; to love the meek who were to inherit the earth, and also the strong, to whom it already belonged; to waste nothing; to give no more

to pleasure than duty allowed; to believe in the Holy Bible word for word, in the English translation; and to deny such cravings of the flesh as seemed to have no moral purpose, served him at once as code, creed, and practical philosophy.

For this reason, in addition, he considered himself an excellent husband.

He prided himself that his wife also considered him an excellent husband; and he was right. Men were like that, she expected; they had business instead of beauty. It hurt her, but she did not doubt it; for she respected his opinions. She never spoke of the lonely ache in her heart; he thought he did very well. When he denied his passions, he believed that she benefited by it.

And in a sense, she did, seeing that the note of haste and purity he managed to inject into his transports left her singularly dejected. She was happier without them.

She could not bear to think that her beauty stirred him so little, wounded him so little. Like other women before her, she took it out in works: she kept herself busy, and created from his likes and dislikes, and her willing efforts, an almost perfect home.

It was this home the bishop thought of as he sat in his study.

About him all was quiet; he had just dined on his favorite food, smiling across the table at his wife. A good dinner, a good wife, and a good bishop; a good house. What was it the prophet said? A silent and loving woman is a gift from the Lord. . . . But that was absurd, that was not what he meant at all. Where were his thoughts? He had meant to think of something hearty from the Old Testament. Those Jews knew what they were about. An invading nation in an angry country, beset by the Devil in the form of Philistines, Hivites, Amakelites, Moloch, Bel, the Golden Calf,

Anakims, Jebusites, Amorites, Sidonians, Canaanites, Hittites, and sensual pleasures, they attended to duty, and built up the home.

The result was Solomon and the glory of Israel, St. Paul, Justinian, monogamy, Luther, and the reformed nations of the earth. Through their history ran the strong golden thread of the Bible and the miracles. . . . Ah, the miracles; that was it, that was what he was coming to. Why were there no more miracles, he wondered. Was it because they were no longer necessary? No; for the world was as badly off as ever. Men needed light, as always. And he rehearsed in his mind the miracles in order, from the parting of the waters of the Red Sea, to the healing properties of the bones of certain saints in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These bones did not interest him; what interested him was the visit of angels to the earth. They used to come, he

thought, long ago, to assist and to strive with mankind. There were the two angels who visited Lot; and there was the angel who wrestled with Jacob. Heaven was full of those sons of light; they came and went between Heaven and earth. Their divine presences made fragrant the homes of the Jews.

He was silent, reflecting. Around him the house lay hushed; dimly, through the curtained windows, sounded the wintry sirens of the city. The light from the lamp on his desk streamed across his face, bathed him in a soft and yellow radiance. Outside, in the streets, men and women hurried with lisping feet in search of pleasure; sin sounded in their footfalls. Up and down they went, up and down, searching, anguished, picking at the old to make way for the new. The house rocked gently; and the bishop brooded.

"Are we to have no further help?" he

thought. "Must we stumble about by ourselves with clouded eyes and groping hands? My strength is nothing, Lord; my wisdom is inadequate. Help me to save the homes of this nation which bears witness to Your glory."

And he sat bowed in painful thoughts.

At that moment the door opened, and a stranger entered the room. The bishop looked up quickly, with a beating heart.

"Who are you?" he asked in alarm.

The stranger reassured him with a smile of ineffable sweetness. "My name is Michael," he said. And he added simply,

"I am your new archdeacon."

Thinking that some one had played a joke upon him, the bishop exclaimed with vexation, "What I need is an angel from Heaven."

But the stranger held up his hand with a gesture of great dignity.

"I am that angel," he declared.

CHAPTER 5

Michael thought of everything. When the bishop, excited and overjoyed, wished to announce to his congregation the heavenly nature of its archdeacon, he replied: "Do not do anything of the kind. It is true that your cathedral would be crowded with people who wished to see me; but in the end you would only lose money. Startled by the imminence of divinity, the members of your own congregation would cease working in order to devote themselves to prayer and contemplation; and your church would perish for lack of funds."

And he continued to speak in a practical and inspired manner. But he refused to speak from the pulpit. "Do not ask me to give a sermon," he said, "which might conflict with

the teachings of your bishops. Remember that to the sons of light the universe presents a different aspect from that in which it is viewed by mortal man. I have not lived through Genesis, Exodus, Deuteronomy, and the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament for nothing; not to mention the twenty-seven books of the New Testament from Matthew to Revelation, the Apocrypha, the Talmud, the Code of Justinian, the Augsburg Confession, and modern Exegesis. . . . It has been a stirring experience. But you cannot expect me, after being present at the Garden of Gethsemane, to trouble myself with problems of transubstantiation. . . . Or can you?"

The bishop agreed that it was unthinkable.

The angel continued:

"What but the church is capable of comforting mankind for the practise of those austerities without which no nation can hope to live?

A church must have rules and codes and bishops to administer them; otherwise there is no organization. But in Heaven we do not occupy ourselves with such matters. Where everything is perfect, naturally there is no need for regulations."

"That is understandable," said the bishop. "However," he added, "this is not Heaven."

"That is why I am here," replied Michael. And he went on to explain how he happened to be there. "I must confess to you," he said, blushing slightly, "that I have spent more time with the poets in the past than with the clerics. In this I have only followed the customary angelic practise. However, the poets who used to extol the familiar virtues have been succeeded by a new race of philosophers. A moment ago I had just come from a gathering of artists, poets, critics, and musicians, in which not a word was spoken concerning art,

poetry, music, or literature. Instead, the hostess threw herself upon the bosom of a visiting novelist, while her husband took a young lady into the pantry to tell her something. What the other guests spent the evening discussing, I cannot tell you, out of deference to your cloth. Such things do not help to establish the home. It was while I was sorrowfully pondering this fact, and recalling to myself those divine discussions under the porches at Ephesus, among the tables at the Mermaid Tavern, and in the drawing-room of the Villa Saïd, that I passed your door and heard your prayer. At that moment I saw my duty. 'I will assist,' I exclaimed, 'this good divine in his struggle to uphold those domestic virtues without which the arts decay, religions decline, and nations disappear.' "

His face took on a divine radiance. "I do not look forward to being an archdeacon," he said,

"but even an angel has certain duties to perform; and having seen my duty, I do not see how I can decline to do it."

And he held out his hand, which the bishop grasped. At once a strange and heavenly warmth ran through the Right Reverend Henry Brougham's veins. Rising to his feet he exclaimed,

"So be it, for it is the will of God."

"Well, tell me," said Michael, "why do you wish to erect a cathedral into the skies, like those tall towers of Akad and Erech built at the desert's edge by the Sumerians to remind them of their hills of home? You are not a mountain people. If I remember correctly, your own religion flourished first among graves and catacombs, deep in the bowels of earth. Now it soars into the air, along with the banks and the office buildings."

"The whole country," replied the bishop,

"soars into the air. It aspires. Man has learned to fly, and has already made an altitude record of thirty-eight thousand feet."

"That is very high," agreed Michael gravely, "even if Heaven has not yet caught sight of him. However, I would like to ask you a question. Is it really toward Heaven that these buildings aspire? I am not sure, my friend. There are two ways of going up: one is to reach for what is above, the other is to spurn what is below. That is a difference in the point of view."

"It is only," remarked the bishop, "by spurning what is below that one can reach what is above." And bringing out the plans for the new cathedral, he showed them to his companion. "Here is the nave," he said, "and here is the transept. Here is the basilica, here the dome . . . and here, to one side, is an office building which will also be very lofty."

The angel replied practically, "Will not the cost of this building be very great?"

The bishop sadly admitted that it would. "I have a list," he said, "of men and women whom I believe I can count on to help us." So saying he showed the list to Michael, with a sigh. "It is inadequate," he admitted.

The angel took it with a thoughtful air. When he saw how little was expected of each contributor, he was astonished. "The ancient tax of a tithe," he declared, "was a wise measure. In taking a tenth of each man's wealth, the Church expressed the conviction that wealth cannot be enjoyed without moral support. Just tell me, who would be wealthy in a country where nothing was sacred? No, no, wealth owes much to the Church, and should pay for its privileges."

So saying he seized a pen, and began to double the list of contributions. When he came

to Mr. Cohen, he paused. Finally he wrote down opposite Mr. Cohen's name twenty-five thousand dollars.

"But Mr. Cohen," expostulated the bishop, "is a Jew. And you have just increased by twenty-five times the contribution I thought —but only thought—to ask from him."

The angel replied: "I know Mr. Cohen better than you do. It is true that Mrs. Lanyarde would not contribute to a Jewish synagogue. But she would gain nothing by such a contribution. Mr. Cohen, on the other hand, knows that when you have nothing, that is the time to give something to your wealthy neighbor. Cast your bread upon the waters, Bishop. That is a Jewish saying."

The bishop looked perplexed. "I recognize the text," he said, "but not your use of it. However, if the cathedral goes up, I do not care who builds it. I dare say that Mr. Cohen's

wealth is made for him by Christians. So in the end, it simply returns to the Christians again. That is the best way to look at it."

The angel smiled. "In those accents," he declared, "I recognize the voice of the administrator."

And he continued to revise the list upward, in a radical manner.

While they were engaged in this pursuit, the door opened, and the bishop's wife entered the room. A beam of light from the hall followed her across the threshold, breaking upon her golden hair in a spray of light still more golden. When she saw the stranger, she stopped. "Excuse me," she said.

The bishop rose from his chair. "Ah," he said, "my dear." And he added in a voice trembling with joy, "Julia, I have found an archdeacon. He is a . . ."

But a warning look from Michael silenced

him. The angel, standing in the shadows, seemed to glow with a faint radiance, as though the light which fell about the wife found an echo there. No one spoke: but it seemed to the bishop as though the room were full of shadowy beings moving slowly and with divine sweetness between them and around them. He felt the presence of the hosts of joy, their heavenly pinions brushed his soul.

"His name," he said, "is Michael."

Julia moved slowly forward, her grave blue eyes fixed upon the stranger. She held out her hand. "How do you do, Michael," she said.

A stronger radiance filled the room. The angel no longer stood among the shadows, which seemed, instead, to have gathered in the corner where the bishop stood lost in dreamy bliss.

"How do you do, Julia," he said.

CHAPTER 6

"What a strange young man," said Julia later to her husband, the bishop.

The Right Reverend Henry Brougham was silent: he meditated. Were he to inform his wife of the true nature of his assistant, were he to make known to her the divine essence of which Michael was formed, could she, as a pious woman brought up in the Church, do any less than worship him? It was a serious problem for the bishop: it occurred to him for the first time that the advent of an angel might have its disadvantages.

He did not want his wife to adore a stranger.

And on his own part, too, there were certain difficulties. He was not overproud; he did not doubt that he needed light as much as any

one else. Faith, science, love . . . he did not, like his wife, approach them with hesitation and longing, but came upon them with the tread of conviction, and strong in hygiene. Still, there were moments when he felt the buffet of unfriendly powers: and stood, like Joshua, halted before the walls of Jericho. On such occasions he called upon the trumpets of faith, which never failed him. Then the walls of the evil city fell before the horns of the pioneer, positive and not to be denied.

But it was one thing to blow the walls down himself; and quite another to have an angel direct from the Godhead do it for him. He was not the one to follow some one else; faith, for Bishop Brougham, was an act; it was works; it was the muscle of his spirit. And now it seemed to him that his spirit felt uncomfortable; for some reason the way before him appeared clouded. The moment

when the battle ends is not always a happy one; to fret and strain against evil is an act itself dear to a hearty spirit with convictions.

There was no question but that the bishop cherished his convictions. They had won him a wife, and they had made him a bishop. He did not like to think that the Real Presence in the Eucharist was of less importance in Heaven than it was on earth. He did not, at his age, relish the idea of learning his dogma all over again.

And so, being mortal, he came finally to a mortal decision; troubled and human he resolved his trouble in a human way. He decided both to believe, and not to believe. For himself, he did not doubt that Michael was an angel; he simply decided not to admit it. And he forgave himself for this deception when he remembered the angel's advice to him. "Do not tell any one," the angel said,

"because, for one thing, no one would believe it."

Then the angel had added even more practically: "It would be presumptuous for an angel to take precedence over a bishop in earthly matters."

He determined to enjoy without further thought the services of his assistant. There was no doubt about it, Michael was a rare deacon; like his wife Julia, he was quite perfect for his part. What if he hid—as his wife did too, perhaps, she being a woman, and given to frailty—some mystery still, beyond what the bishop thought it best to see? The wisest thing, one might say, was not to see it.

Therefore he replied to his wife in tones of enthusiasm, "The new archdeacon is a very amiable young man. And very well up on church affairs. Quite astonishing with figures."

"I'm so glad," said Julia honestly. She was pleased for Henry's sake; but she was not really thinking about it.

"Do you know what I think, Henry," she said; "I think he is a very reserved young man."

"Ah," said the bishop doubtfully; for he remembered their meeting.

Julia also remembered it; she felt inclined to blush a little at the memory of it. She was not used to having people call her Julia—that is, at first . . .

"It was strange," she mused; "I almost thought for a moment that we knew each other. Did you say anything about me, Henry? Before I came in, I mean."

"What?" exclaimed the bishop; "certainly not."

And he added a little sharply,

"He had never heard of you."

"Well," said Julia, "it was very queer, anyhow."

"Nonsense," said the bishop.

"He is," he remarked, "a stranger here."

And he added as an afterthought,

"His ideas are a little liberal."

But Julia was not to be put off. She knew that something out-of-the-way had happened to her; and she wanted to know what it was. "It was very strange," she said, "and I don't understand it."

The bishop looked away; his eyelids veiled his gaze. He felt, in his heart, an anxiety he could not entirely account for.

"Must you, my love," he asked, and his voice was even and heavy, "understand everything?"

Julia sighed. "No," she replied. She knew the question and answer by heart. "No," she answered meekly, "I mustn't."

But to herself she counted out, like a little girl on her fingers, the things she could never hope to understand. God first, in three parts, and Heaven and Hell and the Garden and Adam and Eve. Nobody could hope to understand it; fortunately it was considered enough merely to believe it. And then, on the other hand, science. . . . And why did passion, like a frightened child, go creeping out of the marriage bed? And now the new archdeacon . . .

"There are some things," said the bishop, "beyond the power of understanding."

He rose to go. "I have some business to attend to," he said. "Can we dine at seven? Then I must work."

Julia nodded her head. "Of course," she said. "Shall you be alone?"

"Doctor Michael will be with me," said the bishop.

He could not see that her heart quickened

its beat by the least shade. "Could you come home a little early?" she asked. "Then you could say good night to Juliet. It means so much to her to have you come in for a moment."

"I shall try," said the bishop briefly: and left.

Julia sat still after he had gone, with her hands folded in her lap. The new deacon had called her Julia, and she had called him Michael. But now it appeared that his name was Doctor Michael. How silly of her.

Still, it had all seemed very natural.

Perhaps Henry was right; perhaps it wasn't important to know everything, to understand everything. Perhaps the important thing was just to feel happy and hopeful—about nothing, maybe. At any rate, whether it was right or whether it was wrong, it was a sweet feeling.

Juliet had it, about almost everything. Still, when Julia was that age, she had had it, too. It was like a lamp shining, making things clear—even things you didn't know the name of. . . .

Michael had it, too, she felt sure. Doctor Michael, she meant to say.

Smiling, she rose, and went to look for Juliet.

CHAPTER 7

It was Michael, however, whom she found. He was standing at the nursery window, staring vaguely before him. His slender body, dark against the light, seemed to her, for a moment, almost like a bird, on tiptoe, and ready to fly. She stopped on the threshold in dismay.

"Why," she exclaimed, "whatever are you doing here? This is the nursery.

"I thought you were at the cathedral with Mr. Brougham."

To which Michael replied moodily, "His Grace was so good as to invite me to go with him. But after we had talked for a while, I grew tired; I thought I would come home and play with Juliet."

And he smiled at her sweetly, like a child making an apology.

She was at a loss for an answer. "But," she said, "I thought . . . of course, if you were tired . . . still . . . to play with Juliet?"

Then, since she could not keep from smiling, she turned her face away. "How funny," she said. And thinking of the bishop left alone with his figures, she began to laugh. "No, really," she exclaimed, "it is too absurd."

She soon grew sober again, and gazed at him curiously.

"But what did my husband say?" she asked.

The angel looked distressed. "He was a little vexed," he admitted. "He said that he had expected better things of me. He seemed to feel that I ought to be more serious."

"Well," said Julia severely, "oughtn't you?"

"I do not think so," said Michael simply.

He continued: "In the past, to sing and to play were always a part of my duties. In Jerusalem the children used to play with dolls made of clay, and with knuckle-bones of ivory and horn. I should not like to think that these enjoyments are closed to me now that I am an archdeacon."

He is mad, thought Julia, but he is attractive.

"What strange ideas you have," she said, "for a churchman. Knuckle-bones . . ."

"You were not in Florence in the fifteenth century," he replied, "or even in France during the reign of the great cardinal. So your knowledge of churchmen is limited. However, you are right; I have no business being an archdeacon. I was considering this fact when you came in. How could I have made such a mistake?"

Julia flushed at his tone, which was gloomy and critical. Nevertheless, she answered in an even voice, "Perhaps it is not too late for you to change your mind. Shall I speak to my husband about it?"

He considered this for a moment in silence. Finally he approached her, and, gazing into her face with an absorbed and thoughtful expression, remarked in a low voice, "No, do not say anything about it."

At once she experienced a feeling of relief whose intensity surprised her. In order to hide her confusion, she replied hastily:

"We should be sorry to lose you. That is, the church . . . and my husband, the bishop . . ."

"Your husband," he said gravely, interrupting her, "is engaged in an important work. He wishes to build a cathedral, loftier than any which have preceded it. I do not doubt

that this building will give the Church a greater impetus in this country. He is an able man, for he also realizes that the strength of the Church lies in the home."

He stopped and looked about him at the nursery, from whose corners dolls and rabbits made of cotton and linen peered at him with mild expressions. "Had I such a home," he declared, "I should not desire to leave it, either."

"While you are with us," said Julia earnestly, "you must consider this home as your own."

"Thank you," said Michael.

"Where is your home?" she asked after a pause. "Where do you come from?"

He replied without thinking, "My home is in Heaven." Then he corrected himself. "That is just a manner of speaking," he explained.

"Of course," she agreed.

"I come from a sort of school," he said. His eyes brooded for a moment; he saw before him the flash of angelic wings, he heard in his ears the sounds of heavenly joy. "Hum," he said with a sigh.

"You are an orphan, then?"

"God is my father and my mother."

What he means, said Julia to herself, is that he comes from an orphan asylum.

Poor soul.

"God is everybody's father and mother," she said in her best manner.

She expected him to be grateful. But he looked at her in surprise; he smiled and his gloomy thoughts seemed to vanish. "Probably He is yours," he said; "but you do not take after Him. Confess that you do not feel like God at all."

She did not know whether to be angry or

amused. "Well, then," she said with an uncertain smile, "what am I like?"

"Being mortal," said Michael, "you will live a little longer than a grasshopper, but not as long as a turtle. Knowing that you must die, you are full of longing: you wish to experience joy, and have it last for ever."

"Isn't that natural?" asked Julia.

"The eternal ones," said Michael, "are without longing. Where the infinite and the eternal meet, everything is found. Hope is for mortal men; peace is for the immortals, who have nothing to hope for."

Julia thought to herself, Henry was right, his ideas are a little liberal. However, she excused him, because he had no father or mother.

"Hope," she said with energy, "is the greatest thing in the world."

"We were talking of Heaven," said Mi-

chael. And he continued severely: "It is by hope that men bring pain into their lives. They struggle; and they call their agony the soul. What has the soul to do with struggle and with pain? The soul is perfect, since it is divine."

"Then," said Julia in a low voice, "shouldn't I hope?"

"For what do you hope, my child?" answered the angel. "For joy? It is all around you. Hold out your arms to receive it, but do not believe that it comes to you from Heaven."

And, glowing and beautiful, he took a step in her direction.

Julia backed away hastily.

"I think I hear Juliet coming," she said.

But Juliet did not come home just then. And Julia could think of no reason for leaving the nursery. "I don't know if what I want is

joy," she remarked nervously. "I think perhaps that duty . . ."

"Duty and joy are one," said Michael. "That is," he corrected himself, "they ought to be. But man has taken upon himself duties which never were intended for him. Man was made to love, and to rejoice: I refer you to the second chapter of Genesis. He was not expected to distinguish between good and evil. That is in the third chapter, which relates the fall of man."

He was silent for a moment, gazing somberly before him. "In the morning of the world," he said, "when the dew still lay upon the Garden, man was created so that there might be some one to enjoy it. In order that he might relish beauty, he was given a soul; and having a soul, he was given speech, since without speech, it is impossible to understand such abstractions as the soul. That was a mis-

take, but I do not see how it could have been avoided. In those days the wings of angels moved with slow and graceful motions through the air which upheld also the flight of birds exquisite as flowers. Everywhere was beauty, everywhere was peace; and man was the witness of this peace and beauty. He was like a child, innocent and whole; his duties were to live and to give praise; and to give praise and to live were equally a joy, and equally natural. He was, indeed, little lower than the angels whose choirs sounded above him; made of earth, rather than of air, he could not fly, but he was repaid for the loss of wings by receiving earthly sensations unknown to the sons of light."

He paused and was still, remembering the peace of the Garden, the bliss which lay upon Eden. At length he sighed and continued:

"Such a light lay then upon the earth as you

will see some mornings in the spring, when all the flowers are blooming, and the grass is young and green. The birds sang, and trod one another: they did what they were meant to do. Man lay with woman, and rejoiced. He understood the Infinite and the Eternal; since all was One, he saw no end to it, and had nothing to fear.

"Then came the fall of which you have read. Man ate of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil.

"Alas for Eden when man learned that there was evil in the world. Where is the Garden now? You are far from Paradise, my child, although I do not doubt that you are closer to Heaven. How little you think of joy. Only in your dreams, when you remember the Garden. . . . There is no help for it. Even I, to do God's will, must aid you with your duties; must help your husband make his church

secure, help him to build his cathedral, help to protect his homes. But my heart is heavy, for I remember the morning of the world, and the light which lay on Eden.

"I would rather bring you joy, I would rather help you find the Garden again."

Julia stood as in a trance, with her eyes closed. She hardly heard what he said; her ears were ravished with sounds of heavenly sweetness, her mind roamed among the most fragrant meadows. Her soul, roused by an angelic voice, strained upward in her breast; she hardly breathed.

Suddenly she felt upon her mouth a kiss of extraordinary sweetness and vigor.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and, starting backward, opened her eyes with dismay.

She was in time to see Michael disappearing through the door. She sat down slowly on the edge of Juliet's bed, and put her hand to her

face, which burned with a strange fire. Slowly her thoughts assembled themselves; slowly she passed from wonder to consternation. The fire cooled on her face, leaving a mortal blush. She touched her lips lightly with the tips of her fingers.

"What on earth," she began.

But she was unable to feel angry, although she wished to. At length she smiled and arose with a matronly air. "He is like a child," she told herself.

"But in the future he must be kept out of the nursery—at least . . ."

CHAPTER 8

JULIET came home from the park with red cheeks. She had a new friend, and she was full of her adventures. He was smaller than Juliet, and round as a little apple; his chubby legs carried him at breakneck speed up and down the Mall, and back to his nurse, where he buried his face in her lap. This small, round, and happy child answered to the name of Johnson: what other names he had, Julia never discovered. He remained to her for ever Johnson.

"I lent him my skates," said Juliet; "and he fell down, and cried. He came down bump, and he hit himself bump. So then I fell, but I didn't cry. I came down more bump than he did.

"Only little tiny children cry.

"Mother, can I help you brush your hair?"

Seizing the brush in her hand, she drew it slowly, and with infinite care, across her mother's golden hair. "What would you do without me?" she asked.

"I can't imagine," said Julia. And she hid, behind a gentle smile, the sudden anguish of the thought.

"I know what you'd do," said Juliet wisely. And thinking of the stories her nurse read to her at night, she exclaimed, "You'd weep and moan."

"That's just what I'd do," said Julia. And she tried it out as well as she could, to see what it sounded like. "Ow," she moaned. "Oh. Oo."

Juliet dropped the brush and flung herself at her mother. "Oh, don't do that," she wailed. "Oh, don't do that. I won't go away, I won't go away."

"Well . . . do you promise?"

"I promise."

And she gazed at her mother, whose heart she feared she had broken.

Julia gathered her to her breast. "All right," she said, "I won't do it any more." And she added, laughing, "What a little love child it is."

But underneath the gay storm, she felt a sudden terror. Suppose something were to happen to her; suppose something were to happen to Juliet. Love was frightening, it put out such greedy hands. Ah, there was nothing eternal about love. Death took it, and left real weeping and moaning. Ought one not wish, rather, for strength to be without it? Ought she not teach her child . . . Was it not her duty . . .

Her duty . . .

She remembered Michael's words; and she

drew the little golden head closer. "It is my duty," she said almost defiantly, "to love you."

"Yes," said Juliet with great satisfaction.

"Now tell me what you did all day."

"No," said Julia. "You tell me what you did. All you said was that you fell down."

"Well," said Juliet reflectively, "I fell down." Her eyes widened. "Potter was there," she declared. "When I cried, he came and patted me. So I gave him a hug, and he ran away."

Julia nodded her head. "That happens, too," she said. "But I thought you didn't cry when you fell."

"Well," said Juliet, "it was only a very little cry. And so," she concluded quickly, "I played with Johnson, and he played with me."

"And what did Potter do, my darling?"

"He played, too. But he wouldn't love me.

He played things like soldier, and walking on cracks, and running away.

"Mother, do you think maybe Potter doesn't love me?" The young lips trembled.

"Perhaps it's just his way," said Julia. But she felt a pang as she said it. "Little boys are like that," she said gravely. "They like to play their own way."

"Johnson isn't," said Juliet. "He hugs me."

"Still," said Julia wisely, "hugging isn't everything."

"Well," replied Juliet, "it's something."

And she gazed at her mother with a serious air.

"Mother," she said, "can I help you dress for to-night?"

They chose together from the closet a cloth of gold with a buckle made of a rose-leaf: it fell over Julia's narrow shoulders like a shower

of light. Juliet looked at her mother critically. "Will I have a dress like that when I'm old?" she asked.

"Yes, dear . . . I hope so."

"Are you going out in it?"

"No; we have company for dinner."

"Who?"

"Only Doctor Michael."

Juliet clapped her hands. "Mother," she cried, "will I see him? Will he say good night to me? Will he come and kiss me in my bed?

"I'd like him to come up and kiss me in my bed."

She liked any one to kiss her good night. Once there had been a scene because she insisted that the plumber, who was working in the house, should say good night to her. Her father objected; deprived of the plumber's love, she had cried herself to sleep.

On such occasions Julia felt a very lively anxiety for her little daughter. What will become of her, she thought, when she grows up? And she imagined for Juliet a life full of sorrow and despair. Then she would talk to her seriously about such things as service-to-others, and forgetfulness-of-self; and Juliet would listen with an abashed and tender air. The next day she would come home and tell her mother that she had given away her doll to a little girl in the park.

"She was poor and dirty, and I gave her a kiss."

Then Julia would be more anxious than ever. To Juliet living was loving, and loving was kissing and hugging; and that was all there was about it. What had put such ideas into her head? They frightened her mother; she wondered sometimes if deep in her own heart . . . But surely not in so generous a

manner . . . plumbers . . . poor little girls in the park . . .

Of course it was all quite innocent. But just the same, this dream of a world of people all loving and kissing one another must be stopped; she must put an end to it . . . before the child woke up and found her heart broken. . . .

It would have made the bishop very gloomy if he had thought about it. But the bishop did not think about such things. A child belonged to the Kingdom of Heaven throughout its childhood; the important thing was to learn the catechism. The little bundle of curiosity and longing belonged to God as long as she remained technically innocent; she might inherit from her parents a nose or an eye, but inside all was bound to be simple and serene and taken care of. As pure, the bishop liked to say, as a lily, or a little child. He might have

added, "As pure as my wife's thoughts"; it would have meant the same thing.

He came home from St. Timothy's frowning and concerned with something else. "This deacon of mine," he said; "well, really . . . All at once, in the very middle of what I was saying to him, he disappeared. I looked up, and he was gone. Have you seen him, my dear? I am not used to that sort of thing."

"No," said Julia. She had not meant to say No; it shocked her to hear it come out. Nevertheless, at the moment, it seemed the right thing to say. She blushed for herself, and remained silent.

"Well," he said with a sigh, "I had already asked him to dine with us, so he may turn up after all. I suppose there is no use in losing one's temper. He is a very reserved young man—as I believe you pointed out."

"Reserved?" said Julia stupidly. And she burst out laughing.

The bishop looked at her in surprise. "Didn't you say so?" he demanded.

"Did I?" she asked. "Perhaps I did." She struggled to take firm hold on herself. "I suppose I was thinking of something else."

But the bishop was irritable; he disliked having people disappear under his nose. "I wish you would pay a little more attention to what I say," he complained. "I was telling you that in the middle of my remarks . . .

"Oh . . . well, well . . . hum . . ."

And he remained glaring in astonishment at Michael whom he observed at that moment unconcernedly descending the stairs.

"Where have you been?" asked Michael. "I lost sight of you at the cathedral."

And he added happily, "I have just been up-stairs to kiss Juliet good night."

CHAPTER 9

St. Timothy's rose above its hill, gray and stony, into the wintry sky from which the winds had driven the deeper tones southward over the sea. High on the paths of air the light clouds traveled over the city from the west; they shone white in the sun above the flocks of pigeons which wheeled and gleamed like little silver pieces above the city. But the houses below were in shadow; and shadows lay like dark splinters across the streets where the breeze turned into long rivers of wind, brawling and uncertain.

The city was being torn up to make room for the new city, which raised itself to incredible heights in the shape of obelisks, pyramids, mountainous crags, monasteries, temples, loz-

enges, pavilions, and medieval fortresses set upon rocks. In the midst of this confusion, St. Timothy's preserved its composure, and remained an excellent imitation of the cathedral at St. Didier, built in the thirteenth century in honor of that saint whose bones were believed to cure rickets.

On Sunday the bells of St. Timothy's were rung, the carillon was played, and the air in the neighborhood was disturbed for a distance of several blocks. Seated in their pews, men and women gave themselves up to feelings of solemnity not untouched with sadness. The deep organ tones pulsing through the air which rose arched and motionless above them, led them to pious reflections, to thoughts of eternity, and to proposals of powers beyond their comprehension. The light streamed downward, dim, quiet, affecting their hearts with peace, untroubled and unchanging, a

light not of this age and not of this earth. Beneath it, in seats supplied with cushions, Bibles, psalmodies and hymnals, the congregation remained hushed, while fathers and mothers turned over more comfortably in their minds the problems which awaited them at home.

The bishop delivered the sermon. Reverend but practical, he led the members of his flock in pastures which attracted them: he assured them that it paid to be devout. They did not doubt it; but it pleased them to hear it; and while the organ played and the choir sang, their hearts, uplifted, took part as celebrants in a divine communion.

"Our day," said the bishop, "has its martyrs. The fact that we are no longer martyrs to faith, speaks for the triumph of that faith. Where can a man die to-day for his beliefs? Nowhere—thank God. To-day we have other

battles to wage; and other martyrs to admire. To-day Satan would like to tempt us away from our work. The devil comes to us garlanded with flowers, and bids us put away our sober habits, our industrial tools, and embrace the joys of the flesh, idleness, and sin.

"Now, in this season of the year, a great spirit rises in our hearts to oppose him. It is the Christmas spirit: the Christmas spirit, which will save home and Church from the immoral teachings of present-day paganism. The star of Bethlehem, the Christmas star, shines with a pure light in the sky, and strengthens our hearts with holiness.

"Take, then, to be your own at this season that orderly, devout and forward-looking spirit whose motto is, Peace on earth, good will to men."

In the midst of this sermon, Professor

Wutheridge, whose scholarly books on Rites, Purifications, and Festivals nobody had read, got up and went home. The following day he lectured to his class at the university:

"When Gilgamish, King of Erech, conquered the city of Akad, the festivals of the Akadian gods continued to be celebrated—with this difference: they were celebrated in praise of the tutelary deity of Erech. Beaten in battle, the ancient cities lost their gods, who were adopted by the conqueror and joined to his parthenon, along with their festivals and celebrations."

His departure did not disturb the wealthy congregation of St. Timothy's, whose members, in the holy light, saw one another in the form of oil companies, mining concessions, mills, factories, and gilt-edge securities.

But Julia sat quiet, with her own thoughts. She closed her eyes; and as her husband spoke,

she answered in her mind, half in reply to him, half to herself:

"My dear," she said seriously, "what did they do before there was a Christmas? Weren't people happy, anywhere? Was it all sin? I suppose so. Not sin, really; but not salvation. Not the sort of happiness that counts—that we have now, for instance. It must have been a very sinful world . . . garlanded in flowers, as you say. Did people kiss each other . . . suddenly, I mean, and without being asked? The way—the way he kissed me? Yes, he did; but I didn't ask him to. He simply quickly and all at once . . . It was like fire and ice, it did something to my heart."

The choir sang:

"On earth a child is born,
And in the manger lies."

The congregation knelt; and the bishop

prayed. "Lift up our hearts, Oh Lord," he urged, "and draw our thoughts nigh unto Thee at this season, in order that we may exalt Thy Name among the nations. Let us not think too much of the joys of the flesh, but rather of the spirit which denies the flesh, the spirit which has built this great country as a lasting monument to Thy glory for ever and ever, amen."

And Julia, on her knees, went on: "The Christmas spirit will put an end to paganism. We'll have a tree for Juliet, with red and blue lights; and Juliet will give out the presents. One for the cook, one for me, one for Michael . . . My dear, you've never been kissed suddenly, against your will—so how do you know? But if you had been, and if you knew, then you'd know what a man thinks . . . afterward. He never spoke of it. I wish I knew. One ought to know so much, and, after all, what does one know?

"Ought I be ashamed, or angry? But he almost seems to have forgotten it, the times I've seen him since. Maybe it never really happened. What if I think it never happened?

"Perhaps that would be wisest.

"Very well, then: he never kissed me, never, not at all.

"Will he kiss me again? Will he ever dare? Well, I should think not.

"For we have done what we should not have done, and what we should do, we have not done; there is no good in us."

She knelt; but her gaze wandered in search of Michael. The bright young golden head with its strange radiance was not to be seen; the archdeacon was invisible.

He stood, leaning moodily against a pillar in the rear of the altar, listening to the service. He had heard many services, but they never failed to impress him. There was an organist,

he remembered, at Weimar long ago; how he played; it was like being in Heaven merely to hear him. "This bishop," he thought, "does not use much eloquence, but he is sound. What energy there is in the world to-day, what force. We must direct it in the proper channels, otherwise there will be further changes in Heaven."

And he reflected soberly on the changes in the past: how at first the angels used to come and go between Heaven and earth, passing up and down Jacob's ladder with folded wings and peaceful expressions; he thought of the slavery in Egypt, the flight through the desert, the endless wars, the short-lived triumph of Judah. He remembered the destruction of the Temple by the Roman legions, and the lean years which followed, among the martyrs and the hermits of the Thebaid: there was nowhere then for an angel to feel at home except

in the arena among the lions, or in the desert with the jackals. He remembered how Heaven began to fill with saints, some of them without heads, or hands, or feet, some pierced by arrows, some burned to a crisp; he remembered the triumphal entry into Rome with Constantine, the martial years of the crusades, the exciting time spent in hunting witches; he remembered how Heaven rocked the day that Darwin was born, and how they sang hosannahs on Canon Wilberforce's birthday. Now a new era had dawned upon the world, which quivered with the impact of tremendous forces, of discoveries and inventions. Man rode upon the air, sent his voice across the seas, divided the indivisible, and penetrated the impenetrable. Audacious, optimistic, and indefatigable, he might even forget God altogether, and raise his limitless towers like altars to none other than himself.

"No," said Michael, "that must not happen." And he added firmly,

"It is time for every angel to do his duty."

Nevertheless, an unaccountable weight seemed to lean upon his heart, saddening him. "I will save the homes of this diocese," he said; but he felt oppressed. He thought of his own lodgings, which consisted of a single room containing a bed, a bureau, a table, and a chair. "I shall not be there long," he said to console himself. He thought of Juliet; and he sighed. "Perhaps God will send me one of the little cherubim to keep me company," he said.

But he realized that such an act would cause embarrassment to the bishop.

The Right Reverend Henry Brougham came down in his episcopal robes from the pulpit. "Well," he asked, "what did you think of it?"

"Splendid," said Michael; "splendid."

"I thought it went over very well," said the bishop.

But he seemed, to Michael, a little absent in his mind, as though the real test of opinion were not to be found in the cathedral at all, but somewhere else; and soon afterward, avoiding the members of the congregation who wished to congratulate him, he hurried home to his wife, to ask her in his most casual tones,

"Well, my love, what did you think of it?"

She did not answer; instead, she put out her hand, and motioned him to sit down with her. "Henry," she said, "come and talk to me a little. Tell me about yourself. Are you very busy these days?"

But the bishop stood still, his hands full of papers, an expression of disappointment on his face. "As usual, my love," he answered politely, "as usual. Business, arrangements,

calls . . . Is there anything wrong? You seem a little preoccupied."

She wanted to say to him, Yes . . . I'm lonely. She wanted to cry out to him, I'm frightened, Henry—and I don't know what I'm frightened at . . . at least, I'm not sure.

Would you hold me tightly, please, for a little while?

But that was impossible; as she looked at him, she realized how impossible it was. There was nothing in him waiting to talk to her loneliness, or comfort her fear. He loved her; he stood there, straight and tall, looking down at her with kindness, and affection. But he never saw in her the things he didn't want to see. And if she told him that she was lonely, he'd not see that, either. He'd look at her the way one looked at a child. . . . There, there, my dear, don't cry; see, there's nothing to be afraid of. Grown up people don't cry over nothing. . . .

How sure he was, how certain of himself—was there such a thing as doubt in that severe, finely chiseled head of his? Never, she felt sure. Not even for her. How could she say to him, I'm lonely and frightened? What would he say back to her? Nonsense, my love. And then, probably, I am very busy. . . .

"I suppose," she said, having to say something, "it's because I have Juliet a little on my mind these days."

"Ah," said the bishop comfortably. "Well, my dear, what is wrong with Juliet? Has she a cold?"

"No," said Julia, smiling faintly, "she's quite well. But she's growing up, Henry. Sometimes I think of all she'll have to learn—all we'll have to teach her. I wonder if I know enough."

"There are teachers," said the bishop, "whose duty it is to know enough. She is

growing up, like any other child. What can happen to her? Nothing."

Julia sighed. "Are you quite sure?" she asked. And she added, half under her breath, "Such strange things happen."

"Quite," said the bishop. And he went on into his own room, bearing his papers before him. "Don't worry," he said; "we'll attend to Juliet's education at the proper time."

But at the door he stopped, and turned back again. "You didn't tell me," he said a little sadly, "what you thought of my sermon."

She roused herself with a start. "Oh," she said; "yes . . . so I didn't. It was very interesting, dear. I thought it very interesting. All that part about Christmas . . ."

CHAPTER 10

George Herman Wutheridge, Lanyarde Professor of Semitic Languages at the University, lay asleep in a bed without a pillow. His hands were folded across his breast, below his short, white beard; and his face was already lighted by the early sunshine. As he slept, he smiled; then he looked like one of those good saints such as the happy Florentines used to love to draw. But presently the sound of a cart rumbling over the cobbles below, awoke him; and he opened his eyes. "Here is the day again," he said to himself. And he shut his eyes tight, hoping thereby to hold, for a moment longer, those fading dreams which had amused him.

"No," he said at last, "they are gone. Up

with you." With the stiffness of old age he arose, and began to prepare for breakfast.

As he drank his coffee, he glanced, as was his custom, at the morning paper. As usual his face grew thoughtful and sad. "It is always the same," he said to himself. "I, too, could write the morning's news. One man takes away another's bread; that is the news. Why do I vex myself with it?"

Then, as his gaze traveled down the paper, he continued:

"In Athens a woman known as Tamara has been found guilty of murdering eight men whom she had first converted to Christianity. She confesses to these murders with candid joy; to make sure that they would not recant, and to insure their eternal salvation, she admits that she killed her converts immediately after baptism."

He read: "When the police reached Tama-

ra's room, the girl was in prayer. Reverently waiting until she had finished, the officers heard her expound her own worthiness for salvation because of the souls whose eternal bliss she had assured by sending them to the next world at the moment when they were in Heaven's grace."

Putting down his cup, Professor Wutheridge exclaimed, "It is quite possible that this woman is a saint, and deserves canonization. One must acknowledge the sublimity of her intentions, the practise of which has drawn down upon her the disapproval of the police.

"Still, when one comes to think of it, how many saints would be allowed to practise their martyrdom to-day? The confessions of another Augustine would be censored by the Church; but they would make their author's fortune. And that pious girl who gave her maidenhead to a ferryman, having nothing

else with which to pay him, lest pride should keep her from her pilgrimage, would receive no attention.

"In this particular instance, however, we are dealing with a form of sacrifice not unknown to the priests of Bel, of Moloch, and of Ammon. It is true that in the case of Moloch, to whom only virgins were sacrificed, there is no mention made of a divine hereafter for the victims. Nevertheless, it is by death alone that man lives; in which he partakes of the nature of all life."

Pleased with these reflections, the professor of Semitic languages left to attend his classes at the University.

In the afternoon he went for a walk. Snow was in the air, in the close gray sky, under which the wind sang a slow, northern tune. The water in the river looked wrinkled and cold, dark, and heavy; on the windy street

corners, before boxes for the poor, red-hooded Santa Clauses rang their little tinkling bells. Holly wreaths were to be seen in the windows; in front of florist shops and grocery stores the damp air was perfumed with evergreens.

Professor Wutheridge left the streets in which men and women, anxious to get their shopping done before the holidays, hurried with stern and serious faces; and entered the park. There he could look at the city across a foreground of winter-withered trees, and admire the lofty rooftops from a distance. As usual he laid his course through the Mall, for he enjoyed watching the children whose games reminded him of the festivals of the past, joyous, or tragic, and intense.

He had in mind one child in particular, whose small dark face radiated enthusiasm and love. When he saw her, he could not restrain himself from turning to the young man

in whose care she seemed to be, and remarking,

"What an unusual child. She reminds me of those children of Cyrene whose happy forms and innocent thoughts have come down to us in the writings of the poets."

And he quoted:

" 'Crethis their first in tale or play,
Sorely the Samian maidens weep;
Their pretty taskmate, prattler gay,
Sleeps, as must they, her fated sleep.' "

To which the young man replied, "I am not familiar with the Greek Anthology. However, I have studied the works of other poets, one of whom writes,

" 'Bow down his neck in his youth,
And smite his loins when he is a little one.' "

"The verse you refer to," said Professor Wutheridge, "is the work of the son of Sirach;

and was composed in the second century." He gazed at the young man with curiosity. "I see that you have golden hair," he said; "and your features resemble those of the great archangel of Donatello, now to be seen in the Bargello at Florence. Nevertheless, I feel that there is something Oriental about you."

"It is true," said Michael; "I come from what was originally a Semitic family." And he added simply, "I am an angel; and this young girl, whose nurse I am at the moment, is the daughter of the Right Reverend Henry Brougham, Bishop of Saint Timothy's."

"I am glad to hear it," said the professor; "I am glad to hear it. Tell me something: when the tribe of Habiri crossed the Jordan, did they, as I suspect, mingle with the Philistines; and were the Philistines, as Mr. Golding insists, a Minoan race, from Crete? Come; what is the truth of all that?"

And he gazed eagerly at the angel, who, however, shook his head.

"I know nothing about the Philistines," he said, "except that our people overcame them. Their tenacity in the face of divine disapproval was something of a surprise to me. However, the entire period is a little vague in my mind. It was not a very happy time for me, socially speaking: I believe that we did nothing but fight for the ownership of a few hills and a desert."

"Just the same," insisted the professor, "I cannot help wishing I had been there. What an opportunity for research. I console myself by visiting the park, and watching the children at their games. When one of them is made a victim by the others, I read in his pained and lonely expression the history of the festivals and sacrifices of the past.

"This charming child whose father you tell

me is the Bishop of St. Timothy's does not resemble her parent. I have often listened to his sermons; which have always struck me as betraying more common sense than scholarship. But then what use would scholarship be to a bishop who wishes to erect a new cathedral? He has already approached me, through the University; and I have subscribed ten dollars. I suppose that you are interested; which is why I tell you this."

"I am interested, naturally," replied Michael, "having, in addition to my heavenly duties, taken over the office of archdeacon to the cathedral. You see me at the moment playing nurse to the bishop's child, while waiting for her mother to join us. This is my happiest office; in which I am assisted by a tiny spirit not unlike a cherub, who goes by the name of Johnson."

And he pointed to where Juliet, rushing through the Mall, was pursuing her friend

with sparkling eyes and cheeks red from the cold.

"But tell me," he continued; "did I understand you to say that you had already contributed ten dollars to the new cathedral? That would explain why you are not down upon the list, which contains the names of many eminent professors."

"Are you sure," exclaimed the professor in surprise, "that my name is not upon the list? Wutheridge, George Herman. . . . Well, tst . . . there's a strange thing."

The angel made a courteous gesture. "The list," he explained, "contains only the names of those whose contributions are in excess of fifteen dollars."

"Ah," said Professor Wutheridge.

"I noticed the names of the Heads of the Departments of Economics," said Michael, "of History, of Romance Languages, of Physics, of Hygiene, and of the Business School.

There are also many Associate Professors of Mathematics, of Fine Arts, and of Astronomy . . . on the whole, a very distinguished list of names. We intend to publish it soon in the Sunday papers, under the shield of the University, and surrounded with a design of laurel leaves."

"Ah," said Professor Wutheridge again. And he added in a gloomy voice, "There has been a very serious mistake here. My contribution was to have been exactly fifteen dollars . . . However, in making out the check . . . Well, well. My friend, do me this little favor; set this matter right for me. See that I am down for fifteen dollars . . . if it is not too late. . . ."

And raising his hat to Mrs. Brougham, who came hurrying up at that moment in search of Juliet, the professor took his leave to continue his walk through the park, under the wintry sky.

CHAPTER 11

"WHAT were you talking about?" asked Julia. Her face was flushed, and she was gay; she told herself that she was happy because she was meeting Juliet in the park. "You looked so serious, Michael."

He replied, thoughtfully, "I was thinking that soon I shall have to visit Mrs. Guerdon, and Mr. Cohen, and get them to build us a new altar, in the name of commerce."

Julia's face puckered into a child's frown. "Oh," she cried, "you think of nothing but business. You and Henry. . . . Do you ever talk of anything else? Aren't you glad to be in the park with Juliet and me?"

"Yes," said Michael, more serious than ever.

She laughed. "Then tell us about it," she cried. And she held out her arms to greet Juliet, who flung herself at her mother with cries of joy.

"Johnson, look, there's mother.

"Come and love her."

Julia let herself be dragged to a bench, the children's arms around her knees. "Sit down here with me, Michael," she said, "until we get cold. And tell me about yourself. I never get a chance to ask you. . . . Have you a nice room on the hill? Henry says it gets the morning sun . . . I wonder, if I sent you over an old rug or two from our house . . .

"I must come some day to see it. . . ."

She bit her lip; she corrected herself. "I'll ask Henry to bring me," she said.

"But tell me, are you really settled now? You must come and see us more often. Your being a stranger . . . and then, my being

your bishop's wife . . . of course . . ."

She broke off. Was he listening? She wondered what he was thinking about. The new altar . . . Mr. Cohen . . . It was too absurd. He hadn't been thinking about Mr. Cohen that evening in the nursery. . . .

There—she hadn't meant to think of that again, not ever. Why couldn't she simply forget it—the way he did, apparently.

"I'll look through my things at home," she said. "We have so much put away that we never use." And turning with a motherly air to Juliet, she remarked,

"See, there's Potter. Perhaps he'll let you ride on his wagon."

But Juliet barely glanced at her friend. "I don't want to," she said. "He's not very distractive."

And turning her back on Potter, who continued to trudge solemnly up and down with

his wagon, she skipped off in advance of Johnson, who followed her like a bee or a bullet.

Julia let herself sink back with a sigh. It was so peaceful in the park, even though it was cold. She supposed her nose would be red, presently; but it was healthy for Juliet. So it was only right for her to . . . she smiled to herself. What had he said that evening in the nursery? You think so much of right and wrong. . . . Well, but one had to. And so, for that matter, did he; he thought of nothing but duty. He was a very able archdeacon; and she was glad of it, for Henry's sake.

"Michael," she said, "will you help us trim our tree this year? We fix a little tree for Juliet, on Christmas Eve. Of course, if you have anything more exciting to do . . . But perhaps it would amuse you?"

"Thank you," said Michael. "I had noth-

ing to do. To tell you the truth, it is so hard these days to find anything to do that is both joyous and devout. To trim a tree for Juliet would be both, I think. May I bring her a present, Julia? A trifle for her stocking?"

"She gets so much; why should you, too, bring her something?"

He replied: "In Heaven, on Christmas Day, we give the cherubim gifts of fruit and a sweetmeat; and then they sing for us. Perhaps Juliet will sing for us too, an old carol or a madrigal."

Julia's eyes grew tender. "He speaks of his home," she thought, "as though it were Heaven. An apple, and a stick of candy for each orphan. Oh, the poor soul."

And she replied gently,

"You shall bring Juliet a doll made of peppermint. And I'll teach her a carol to sing."

"I should love that," he said simply. And

he remained silent, gazing across the park at the city.

She looked up at him from under her golden eyelashes. What a strange person he was! She knew that wherever he went people followed him with their eyes. But she knew, too, that it was not so much his beauty as his expression which attracted them: it was proud, insolent, and full of longing. It puzzled Julia. "He doesn't really love people," she thought; "not the way Henry does. And yet he's sweet with Juliet—sweeter than Henry, even."

She leaned back and looked at him thoughtfully. He was the only man—except her husband—who had ever kissed her; and he seemed to have forgotten it. That was a queer thing for her to have to face. She rather thought it would hurt, in time. Perhaps it did already. And yet there was nothing careless, or satisfied, about him; even now, sitting

there in silence, he seemed to be moved by some obscure but quite unbearable longing. The strange thing about it was that it moved her, too—whatever it was. It took her peace away, and left her restless. She wished she knew why.

"I suppose," she said apologetically, "you've many friends who'll want you on Christmas Day."

But he shook his head. "No," he said; "I have no friends at all, to speak of. How would I have? I am a servant, Julia."

She smiled; but it was to hide a sigh of disappointment. She was so used to that sort of answer; how tiresome it was. "Yes," she said; "I know. Henry is a servant, too—we all are. Still, one can serve, and have friends. One can serve, and . . . love . . ."

She checked herself sharply, and looked away.

And Michael, too, was silent for a moment before he answered. "Julia," he said at last, "since I have been an archdeacon, I have heard the word love spoken all around me. What is this word, whose meaning in the sense I hear it used, escapes me? I am used to love; but not in religious matters. I have often heard it discussed among the poets."

At Julia's expression of surprise, he continued earnestly; "I know that such thoughts are not expected of me. In the past I have often been obliged to hide my true nature, in order to fit in with the theology of the period. It was simpler in the old days; for the emotion which animated the Jews was not so difficult to understand. They rose out of Canaan like a sky-scraper; and they did not wish any one to share their blessings with them.

"Now everything is changed; men speak of love, they have new definitions. But they act

as they used to in the old days, when those who were chosen despised those who were not. To-day Judah goes by another name; he will not share his blessings with any one but Judah. It is natural; but I would not call it love."

"You say such strange things," said Julia, "for a deacon. You talk of the Jews, and of us, as though it were all the same thing. The Jews taught us an eye for eye—don't you remember? And then God taught us to love our enemies and turn the other cheek. That's the difference, Michael."

But Michael shook his head. "God does not love His enemies, Julia," he replied soberly. "He wishes His enemies to love Him. That is entirely different."

"You spoke once," said Julia, "of joy; you told me it was all around me."

"I said it would not come to you from Heaven," said Michael.

"But you were speaking of love," murmured Julia.

"Was I?" asked Michael wearily. "I do not remember."

She bowed her head, and looked at her hands folded in their leather gloves. Had he really forgotten, then; did it mean so little to him, after all? Of course; for what was a kiss to a man? How very horrid, she thought. And to happen to her, of all people. It was not as if she were used to that sort of thing. No one had ever dared before. And now he had simply forgotten all about it.

He looked at her in a friendly way. "Your cheeks are red," he said: "are you cold?"

"Perhaps I am," she answered. "Shall we walk?"

They rose, and passed slowly among the children down the Mall, between the benches. Pigeons wheeled from under their feet, rising

into the air with creaking wings, like dry leaves scattered by the wind. Little boys ran past them, with loud cries; little girls gathered in groups, earnest, and secretive. All about them sounded the childish voices, shrill, eager, and without pity.

Can I play?

What's your name?

Don't let her play with us.

Look—I'll be the mother.

No, no—it's my doll.

Fraulein, they won't let me play with them.

Can I help it? Don't bother me.

There; now you've fallen.

"When you speak of joy," said Julia as they turned slowly back again, "I sometimes wonder if I know what you mean. What joy is there, beyond doing what we have to do, and doing it well?"

But Michael's eyes were dull; the radiance

was gone from his face. As he looked down the long lane of children; he seemed to see, at its cloudy end, a vast and shadowy church, up through whose spires, piled stone upon stone, tiny voices seemed drawn like a thin smoke, like a mist of sacrifice.

Let us pray here.

What is your name?

Oh, no, you cannot pray with us.

Here is the truth.

But it is I who discovered it.

Can I help it? Don't bother me.

"Michael," exclaimed Julia with vexation, "you're not paying the least attention. I said, is there any joy beyond doing what we have to do, and doing it well?"

He roused himself as from a dream; he seemed to lift himself from some deep place beyond her power of reach. He looked at her for a moment with eyes gray as stone.

"I do not know," he said.

CHAPTER 12

Potter, with his wagon, trudged up and down the Mall; he imagined that he was being busy, that he was drawing behind him an important load. For this reason there exhaled from his diminutive figure an air of dignity mixed with melancholy; he gazed at the other children who were only amusing themselves, without envy. Nevertheless, he wished them to admire him; and when his nurse asked him to sit quietly beside her, he refused. Upon her insisting, he galloped away, drawing his cart after him; and when she overtook him, he kicked her shins.

Juliet observed him later, plumped upon a seat, and crying bitterly. "He's only a little child," she explained to Johnson, who nodded seriously.

But she found it difficult, under the circumstances, to draw her design of hop-scotch anywhere but in front of the bench where Potter sat. "One—two—three . . . you have to jump over this," she told Johnson, "with your legs out."

She leapt; and landed, as she said, with her legs out. Then she glanced at Potter, who remained, however, lost in grief. She thought that next time she would leap a little differently: to land with the legs out was not very becoming.

It was a strange thing about Potter: he was not much fun to play with. For one thing, he never played what she wanted to play, the way Johnson did. And then, he kicked people's shins. Still, when he wept, she felt it: she was touched. And she respected his grief, which kept him from admiring her.

She hopped on one leg. Probably the most

charming thing to do was simply to stand still.

The grief of little children, piercing and abandoned, touches other children in a strange way: it seems to warn them of sorrow in the world, to advise them of pain; yet they do not wish to be left out of anything. Juliet could not bear indifference to herself, even in tears. She did not want Potter to cry; but if he must, she wished to play a greater part in his grief than hopping up and down on one foot, unnoticed.

However, Potter was in no mood to admire anything. Deprived of his importance, he sat in the shadow of his nurse, and wept.

"Look," said the nurse, "there is Juliet. She is wondering at you. Aren't you ashamed, such a big boy? And my leg, which you have kicked."

She addressed the heavens. *"Um Gottes Willen!"* she exclaimed, not unreasonably.

"Come, Miss Juliet, and look at this wicked boy, who weeps."

Juliet drew near, and gazed at Potter with deep concern. Then coming closer still, she slipped her hand shyly into his, and stood beside him, looking into his face with sweet earnestness.

"Don't cry, Potter," she said: and she endeavored to embrace his foot, out of sympathy, and the desire to be active.

"I wouldn't cry," she said to Potter's nurse; "would I?"

"There," said the nurse, "do you hear that? Juliet wouldn't cry. No nice child would cry, and kick his nurse's leg."

"I'd smile and laugh," said Juliet. "Wouldn't I?"

She wanted some one to admire her. But she spoke too soon. For all at once Potter, with a howl, drew back his leg, and shot it for-

ward again. And down went Juliet on her back in the dust.

For a moment she said nothing; sprawled on her back, she presented a picture of silent consternation. But when once she had risen to her feet, the realization of what had been done to her overwhelmed her. Her tiny face broke into creases, her mouth went down; and she burst into tears.

"My dress is dirty," she sobbed. "I don't like my dirty dress.

"He kicked me. He kicked me."

And rushing from the clasp of Potter's outraged nurse, she fled to the convent of her mother's arms.

Julia received her calmly, brushed her dress, rearranged her bonnet, wiped her eyes, and helped her to blow her nose. Then she took her firmly by the hand. "Come," she said, "walk here with Michael and me. Little boys

are often very rude; you mustn't mind such things. He didn't mean to hurt you, darling. Look, there's a little girl feeding the pigeons. See how many there are, and how they gobble. The sparrows gobble, too; they steal pop-corn from right under the pigeons' noses. Goodness, what greedy little birds."

Juliet's face lost its woebegone expression; with one hand held high in Michael's clasp, the other in her mother's, she gazed with gradual interest at the pigeons. Now and then she gave a sniffle, but not because she meant to. "What greedy little birds," she echoed.

"I wouldn't be like that, would I?" And she gave an uncertain laugh.

The shadows of afternoon were lengthening in the Mall. The air was colder, the sun no longer warmed the wind. The first blue veils of evening, faint and misty, lay upon the benches and drifted, like deeper light, among

the trees. It was the hour of the sadness of children, before the lamps are lighted. They are cold, and tired, the day is over with its games; soon they will be back in their warm and quiet nurseries. But not yet; first they must part, and follow their nurses home, lonely and dreaming. The chime of voices fades, good-bys are said, half sung, half whispered; the Mall grows empty. The wind sweeps sadly across the walks on which the ghostly chalk-marks still linger.

Potter went home in disgrace. But he was not unhappy; he pulled his wagon along, and looked around him in a pleased way. His nurse hurried ahead of him, without speaking; but he was used to that. He did not think of Juliet; he forgot that he had kicked a little girl. His mood was a rich one; he remembered only the attention he had received. For to Potter, at that age, attention and admiration

were all the same; he did not draw any distinction between them.

But Juliet did not forget. That night, before she fell asleep, she discussed with her mother the manners of little boys who kicked their own cousins, and dirtied their coats. She lay in her tiny bed, the light blue covers thrown back from her arms, the short hair loose on the pillow. Only her eyes' dark light held sleep at bay.

"He gave me a kick," she said, "and I didn't kick him back. Did I, mother?"

"I should hope not," said Julia.

"I wouldn't do such a thing, would I?" continued Juliet.

"It's not a sweet thing to do," said Julia; "kicking people."

"No," agreed Juliet, "it's not." She mused for a moment; and sleep drew nearer. "I like sweet things to do," she said. "I was doing

one when he kicked me. I was giving him a kiss."

It was not strictly true; but it seemed so to Juliet, as she remembered it. She sat up in bed, moved all at once by a serious thought. "Mother," she said, "he never wants to play nicely with me, like other children do. He wants to play all alone, and I have to watch him."

But Julia was thinking her own thoughts. "Ah," she said.

"It's not much fun for me," said Juliet.

She sank back again, and gazed with dreamy eyes around the room. "Mother," she said, "could an animal like there are in the zoo come into my room and hide in a corner?"

"Why," exclaimed Julia, "what an idea."

"When it's dark, I mean," said Juliet. "Could he, mother?"

"No, darling, not possibly."

"Couldn't a lion or a tiger?"

"No, no."

She sighed. "That's good," she said. And more drowsily still,

"Will Michael come up and kiss me good night?"

"Later, my darling. Go to sleep now."

She put out the light; but she did not leave at once. She stood for a moment on the threshold, half in light, half in shadow; she felt her own heart beating, she heard the blood singing in her body.

She closed her eyes. Here, in this room, where her child lay half asleep, he had kissed her. He had forgotten it; but would she ever forget? What had he said? Nothing . . . only the sound of his voice, beautiful as it had been then, and that taste on her lips, like fire and honey. Her heart beat more strongly. Would it never happen again?

She clenched her fists; all her body yearned in the darkness, her breasts, her lips . . . surely he was there, the fire burned, the voice sang. . . .

She gave a long shudder, and opened her eyes. There was the empty darkness, the little bed. . . .

"No lions or tigers," said the little voice, heavy with slumber.

She closed the door behind her. "Henry," she called down the stairs to her husband, "Juliet wants you to say good night to her. Come quickly, dear."

CHAPTER 13

THE day before Christmas Michael went to call on Mrs. Lanyarde. He discovered the wealthy lady in a small house near the river, furnished in the style of the last century, which is to say that everything was uncomfortable. She received the archdeacon in her library, in which there still remained a few books. The essays of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Holmes, and the novels of Mrs. Glyn rested side by side upon shelves which were also devoted to pieces of bric-à-brac, and bits of jade of no value.

The angel wished Mrs. Lanyarde to increase her contribution to the cathedral; with this in mind, he set himself to describe the long and triumphant history of the Church.

But he soon saw that she was not interested in the events which he portrayed with fire and relish. She did not care for the triumphs and conversions; she preferred to hear about those whom the Church had excluded.

"I have often thought," she said, "that it is a mistake to wish to convert so many people to the faith. If every one believed as we believe, we should find ourselves worshiping in the company of Jews, Negroes, and other non-sectarians. The Church would lose its dignity, my dear Doctor, which depends upon the social prominence of its members."

Michael replied, "The new cathedral will attract by its glories twice as many worshipers as the old. Since the seating arrangements are equally restricted, we shall be able to exclude twice as many people as before."

A few minutes later he left the house with Mrs. Lanyarde's contribution, in the form of a

promise, in his pocket. He went at once to see Mr. Cohen, the banker.

"What is the use," said Mr. Cohen, "of my contributing to a church where I cannot even get a seat to sit down?"

Michael gazed about him at the scrolled and paneled walls of the banker's study, on which were hung paintings by Goya, Memling, Reynolds, and Van Gogh. He leaned back in his chair, which seemed as soft to his bottom as a cloud, and blew a ring of smoke from one of Mr. Cohen's cigars in the direction of the ceiling, beamed with oak from an English manor house.

"Mr. Cohen," he said to him at last, "let us talk frankly together. Let us speak as one Jew to another."

"What?" exclaimed the banker. "How can that be?"

"I am also," replied Michael, "of Jewish ex-

traction. And my youth was spent entirely in the company of Jews."

Mr. Cohen was astonished. "No," he exclaimed. A moment later he added, "I have a nephew who is blond, like you. Still, I would never have believed it, to look at you.

"Have another cigar," he said. "Put it in your pocket."

And he gazed at his visitor in a friendly way.

But presently he gave a sigh. "It is not easy," he said, "to be a Jew. Even God has grown tired of it. I don't blame Him; what pleasure did He ever have with us? What a marriage that was, between God and Israel."

"I remember it," said Michael.

"Yes," said Mr. Cohen. "Nothing but quarrels."

"You are a philosopher," said Michael.

"Every Jew is a philosopher," replied the

banker, "if he stops to think. What else is there for him to be except a Christian? My grandparents had a little shop in Tratsk, in the Ukraine. They did no harm; but they were killed in a pogrom. Now their grandson should build a cathedral. Well, why not? We Jews are always building homes for other people to live in. Do the prophets sleep in the pyramids?"

"I, also," said Michael, "have no home."

"Nebich," said Mr. Cohen.

"Because I am rich," he continued, "I shake hands each day with the bishop and Mrs. Lanyarde. But it is my wealth which shakes hands with them, my Goyas and my Memlings —not my heart. My heart? Do they want my heart? On the end of a stick."

"Has it never occurred to you," asked Michael sensibly, "to turn Christian with the rest of us? For I believe that the Jewish religious

practises do not interest you, although you help support the Temple."

Mr. Cohen leaned forward in his chair, and put his hand earnestly on Michael's knee. "You are right," he said; "religious exercises do not interest me. Getting up and sitting down, praying, fasting—what does that amount to? But do you think it is any better with a bishop than with a rabbi? What do you quarrel over, in your church? The reservation of the sacrament? All right—in the Temple, we have quarrels, too.

"No, my friend; if I do not turn Christian like so many others, it is not because of the religious practises. It is because I do not want my grandchildren to hate the Jews. There is too much hate in the world as it is; in this country it flourishes like the weed. Here even the poets hate one another. Very well, I stay a Jew, I do not go over on the side of the

haters. I do not buy my way up, so that I too, can spit down on my people. Do you think I love the Jews so much? How can I tell, when I am one? But I am sick of those who hate them, because I am sick of hate. What we need is more politeness in the world. Let people shake hands and say, Come in.

"Do you think it is a pleasure to be kept out of everything?

"My grandparents were killed in a pogrom in the Ukraine, but they were poor people, gentle and sweet to everybody. Shall I shake hands with those who hated them, simply because it is an easy thing to do? Very well I will shake hands with them; here I am, let them come and shake hands with a Jew. Let them be polite to a Jew, and see how much better the world gets on for it."

He ceased; and, taking out a large handker-

chief, mopped his brow, wet with the sweat of indignation.

"I respect your sentiments," replied Michael, "which are those of an obstinate man. In your words I recognize the spirit which, combined with guile and aided by the irresistible power of the Lord, made Israel invincible in the past. Nevertheless it is not as a Jew that I approach you, but as a business man."

Mr. Cohen sat back in his chair; his body relaxed, his face assumed an anxious expression. "Why didn't you say so," he asked, "in the first place?"

"I grieve for your grandparents," continued Michael. "But after all, that was in another land, and in a different time. I need not point out to you the advantages of the Church to this country in which you operate. It is the Church which saves the home, by confronting with a determined mien the practises of im-

morality. The home, following the Church, conforms to design, and consists of the father, the mother, and the child. That home, Mr. Cohen, furnishes the basis for your credit in the markets of the world. The father produces, the mother buys, the child consumes. I ask you: can you do without it? Do you wish to see this country sunk in wickedness, the father drunk, the mother divorced, the child debauched? Would you like to see the mills idle, the mines closed, the farms overgrown with weeds?"

"God forbid," said Mr. Cohen.

"Against the dragons of sin," went on Michael in a voice which sounded strange to his own ears, "stands the Right Reverend Henry Brougham, lance in hand; and behind him rise the towers of the new St. Timothy's to be called St. Agatha's, drawing men's thoughts from ways of the flesh, encouraging their hearts to labor in the Vineyard."

The banker sighed. "Who should know better than I," he said, "where my credit comes from, and what a market is worth? My business and yours are the same, Doctor Michael. They go together. What do you want me to do; just tell me. Shall I endow a bay? Shall I give you a new altar?"

"An altar will do very well," said Michael wearily. He rose to go, and held out his hand. "I cannot promise you a pew at St. Agatha's," he said, "but you will find a number of free seats in the rear."

So saying he left. But as he walked slowly down the marble steps of Mr. Cohen's great house, he shook his head with an air of bewilderment. "What has come over me?" he said, half aloud. "What is the matter with me?

"Doctor Michael, archdeacon of St. Timothy's, were you once an angel?"

CHAPTER 14

In the meanwhile the bishop faced, in the privacy of his room, a thought he could not very well avoid. It was that Julia, his wife, had suffered a change of spirit toward him. It was hard to put his finger on the change itself; but there it was, he felt it. Not that she was cold to him; for one thing, she had no reason to refuse him anything, since he asked for nothing. Between his room and hers, the door remained closed except during the day; and things had been so since before Juliet was born.

Yet he was aware of a subtle difference in the spiritual atmosphere of his home. Some element of peace was gone; and at the same

time he believed that his wife was enjoying an inner happiness from which he felt himself excluded. But perhaps happiness was not exactly the word for it; gaiety would be better. An inner gaiety, then—strangely without joy, he thought. And most decidedly without peace.

He was accustomed to being excluded from her dreams; he knew that there was a part of her life that he had never quite satisfied. But it was a part he had never meant to satisfy, in any gross sense; a part of life it were wiser and healthier to deny altogether, or at least as far as possible. Nevertheless, he had always believed that her dreams had their center around him; and that she found, in her life as a wife, if not all the terrifying passion of youth, at least the sweet, long-breathed duty of womanhood.

Now where were her dreams? He felt that

they were gone astray. At the same time he found it impossible to believe it.

Nothing was altered; her small, fair face greeted him in the morning with its customary smile. Did he imagine that sometimes, when he watched her, she looked away with a troubled expression? Her voice, when she addressed him, was warm and serene; the housekeeping went on without disturbance. When he was in his study, all was made quiet for him; the house was in order, the toys stood upon the nursery shelves, the maids went calmly about their work. The wifely presence abated no fraction of its graciousness.

And yet, there was something withdrawn about her. She seemed to be gazing at him from a distance: not that distance from woman to man, which lay in her eyes after their wedding-night; a greater distance still, a distance of the heart. It was as though that

part of her to which he had addressed himself with tight-shut eyes and beating pulses, no longer asked of him even the grace of a denial.

Well, then, what was it? What had happened? The bishop arose and walked absently to and fro, his hands behind his back; he held a colloquy with himself. I have been a good husband, he said; I have been faithful in thought and deed; I have succeeded in my profession, I am a bishop, and generally admired. My wife also admires me; but there is a snake in Eden.

Nothing has happened—of that I am sure. That is, nothing there are words for. But are there words for everything? I have always thought so, but what of that? Let us say that she is weak and feminine, which is, after all, no more than might be expected. Very well, I ought not to be surprised in that event. She has her moods, what of it?

Come; let me put my trust in the Lord, who has already sent me an angel to help me with my cathedral.

He stood still, and stared at the wall, while his face assumed an incredulous expression. Had he forgotten the unearthly beauty of his assistant? He had never told his wife that they were entertaining an angel. He thought: she sees him simply as a young man possessed of indescribable charm.

The bishop gave a groan, which he stifled at once. He began to think back, he began to put two and two together. She is fond of him, he thought; there is no doubt about that. She is decidedly fond of him. He remembered she had invited Michael to help trim the tree. He counted the number of times the archdeacon had been asked to dinner; then he reckoned up the number of weeks since his first appearance.

And he walked more slowly up and down, while his face grew longer and longer.

Now that he thought of it, he was obliged to admit that a change had taken place in Michael as well. When he looked at his assistant, through the microscope of anxiety, the bishop saw something disturbing: it was evident that Michael had taken on a certain earthly quality. To-day he was an archdeacon first, and an angel second. An earthly lassitude, a mortal dulness, had overclouded the pure radiance of that first appearance. He seemed to have something on his mind; he had an anxious look, more the property of archdeacons than of angels. Was Julia the reason?

The bishop stopped in his pacing, and frowned. Perhaps he had been a little too much inclined to forget the divine nature of his assistant. In that case, he was being properly punished. Michael was a great help to

him, there was no doubt about it; he had taken over the most pressing burdens from the ecclesiastical load. The bishop had gained an invaluable assistant. But what had he lost?

The problem was too much for him, it overwhelmed him. Was Julia too fond of Michael? Was Michael, in turn, more fond of Julia than it was right for an archdeacon to be? The bishop knew what was right for an archdeacon; but was Michael an archdeacon or an angel?

There, he thought, he kept forgetting: of course Michael was an angel. Didn't that make it all much simpler? Being divine, Michael loved Julia with a pure and heavenly love. The bishop determined to give his assistant a holiday directly after the New Year. He said to him already, in imagination, Come, Doctor, you are losing your freshness; these mortal cares are too much for you. Go away

for a while, and refresh your spirit with less material considerations.

That would solve everything—supposing, as he supposed, that there was anything to solve. He must make a firm angel of Michael again, that was all there was to it; if necessary, he would even tell Julia. Do not think too much of our friend, he would say in a light manner, for he is divine, and not meant for mortal love.

But a sudden thought made him pause. Was the divine spirit really unfitted for mortal love? He thought of the men of Sodom, and the visitors at Lot's house; he remembered Io, Danäe, Leda: he thought of other women visited by the Godhead in one form or another; and a faint perspiration moistened his brow.

No, he exclaimed, this is monstrous. And he summoned to his aid the resources of comparative theology. What had the heathen gods

to do with the heavenly hosts? Theseus, Perseus, Herakles . . . were these sun myths to be taken seriously? Sons of a god and a mortal woman, they represented their countries on the field of battle. Only the Son of Man ever interested himself in religious disputes.

Nevertheless, the picture of Leda caressed by a swan, caused the bishop to tremble. He believed that his weakness was caused by indignation, and in the trouble of his mind retired to the oldest fastnesses of faith. Feeling that the tempter was near by, he addressed him by means of the formula,

"Get thee behind me, Satan."

At once he felt more peaceful; but at the same time he also felt a little ridiculous. "Forgive me," he said humbly in the direction of Heaven, "for doubting Your intentions. What —am I to imagine that You would send an

angel into my house for the purpose of seducing my wife?"

So saying, full of suspicion, his heart ready to burst with jealousy, the bishop descended the stairs to the study, where he could hear the happy voices of Michael and his wife laughing above the Christmas tree.

CHAPTER 15

THE little tree bloomed and blossomed under their busy fingers; there ripened upon the evergreen boughs a miraculous harvest of colored balls, cornucopias, peppermint canes, and strings of pop-corn. On the very tip was set a silver star, a double star in honor, as Michael gravely explained, of a shepherd boy who later became a king. "Juliet," he said, "believes that all fairy tales are histories. By the light of modern exegesis, it is the other way around; but the truth lies in between."

"Don't be tiresome," said Julia. "This is Christmas Eve."

Michael smiled at her; he held in his hand an angel, or a fairy, made of wax, with silken wings. "Do you know what this is?" he asked.

"It is a sylph. They were often seen in the fifteenth century. They are little creatures of the air, whose home is in that element. This portrait is in wax; but there is no reason to believe that the sylphs no longer exist simply because we do not hear of them."

"Nonsense," said Julia wisely, "that's an angel. Look at its face; it has a heavenly expression. It looks like you, Michael. Don't put it too near the candle, it will melt. There —that's a good place for it."

She moved busily about the tree, her hands, like deft birds, darting in and out of the branches.

Michael was happy; he felt that he was engaged upon a delightful occupation. From this tree nothing would develop of interest to the cathedral, or the community; it had no moral purpose. It was not a part of his duty as assistant to the bishop to arrange wreaths

of pop-corn, or hang up little Christmas apples for a child.

"This tree," he remarked, "reminds me of a time when every one was happy. Of course, where I came from, we had no such trees. But we had festivals; and we had lamps not unlike these candles. Perhaps I am mistaken when I think that every one was happy. No one was comfortable; and there were many quarrels. But I was happy once, I think."

"And now?" asked Julia gently.

"I am homesick," replied Michael simply.

Julia wished to say, "For what are you homesick?" but a feeling of delicacy restrained her. Instead she murmured politely,

"Yes . . ."

Michael did not reply at once. He swung an apple on his finger by a loop of colored twine, and followed it with his eyes. "You wonder," he said at last, "what I, who never

had an earthly home, can find to be homesick for. What do I know of children and households, of mortal cares and earthly responsibilities? But you are wrong, Julia; a warm hearth often brings to the homeless wanderer an unexpected sadness. He thinks: I could be happy with this; and he remembers the past, when he was happy, in another land, or in another time. For every one has been happy once, no matter how long ago."

"I know," said Julia, "I was happy too, when I was a child. I dreamed and dreamed; and I was always the heroine of everything. I thought something wonderful would happen to me." And she gave a rueful smile.

"At first," said Michael, "almost before I can remember, I lived with my people. It was a rude life, but a free one; we had no past, and as far as we knew, no future. We lived like the Arabs at the edge of the desert; in the eve-

ning we could see the sun go down like a poppy in the west, and the blue flower of night unfold among the eastern hills. Then, in the purple darkness, fires were lighted, and everywhere there was singing. In the spring the desert flowers perfumed the air; and the grass seemed to dance under our feet.

"That is what I remember, Julia; and the beauty and innocence of our youth, before men drew us to their battles."

"In a minute," thought Julia, "he will kiss me again." And she shut her eyes and held her breath, half in delight and half in terror.

But hearing her husband upon the stairs, she opened her eyes again in a hurry. "How you must miss it," she said, with a frightened laugh; "poor Michael . . ."

Michael continued without noticing the interruption:

"The life of freedom was soon over. We

had our duties . . . we made laws, or helped to make them, and we upheld the edicts we had helped to make. We learned strange forms of suffering; I found myself often in the company of men with emaciated faces who scourged their pitiable bodies and died in an ecstasy of pain. My duties led me into the darkest cellars as well as the most beautiful cathedrals; often I found the cellar illuminated with a holy light, and the cathedral dark. I taught the law, and visited the sick; I moved in a world of sorrow, where men denied themselves joy in order to be innocent. Demons with dreadful faces and voluptuous forms rose from those struggles of flesh and spirit.

"Where am I now? In a land where those who do not enjoy anything make laws to deprive others of their pleasures; where God and prosperity are worshiped as one, and men are

taught to hate before they are taught to love. Since God is prosperous I must serve prosperity; since His people hate, I must hate; and when they build cathedrals, I must arrange for contributions. Do you wonder that I am homesick, Julia—although whether it is the past for which I long, or this quiet hearth where man, with woman at his side, forgets the battle and the pain, I cannot tell you."

The bishop, who had entered the room during this speech, replied,

"God made man in His image, Doctor. The battles that we wage on earth are fought in His name; and Heaven rewards the victor with eternal peace."

"It is you," said Michael shortly, "who are the theologian, not I." And turning to the tree, he hung the apple on the branch next to the wax figure with silk wings.

The bishop remembered that Michael was

an angel. "No, no," he said hurriedly, "you probably know much more about it than I do." And he looked gloomily at his wife, who was, however, paying no attention to him.

"Michael," she cried, "catch this;" and threw across to him a package wrapped in tissue-paper, and tied with red ribbon. "That's for you," she said, "but you mustn't open it yet. Put it at the foot of the tree, and wait for to-morrow."

The bishop moved uncomfortably; he felt that he was being left out of things. "Yes," he said uncertainly, "in matters of dogma you are naturally wiser than I am, Doctor."

"Henry," said Julia sweetly, "must you talk business? It's Christmas Eve."

"Business?" exclaimed the bishop, bewildered; "no, really, my love . . . business?"

"We've the tree to do," said Julia.

"Here's a present for the cook. Put it there,

Michael, next to nurse's. Isn't it fun? I love to watch their faces, they're so sweet and grateful. And Juliet's so serious about it; she's afraid they mightn't like their presents."

"Business," said the bishop reproachfully; "Julia.

"Were we talking business, Michael?"

But Michael turned away from him.

"What do I know of dogma?" he cried petulantly. "Am I a bishop? I come when I am called."

"I should think," began the bishop with dignity, "that being an angel . . ."

"Michael," cried Julia, "look what you're doing. You'll upset the tree."

" . . . an angel," went on the bishop bravely; but no one heard him.

"There," said Julia, "now look; all the popcorn is broken. We'll have to throw it on the tree and make believe it's snow. Oh, dear,

everything goes wrong. Really, Henry—was that necessary?"

"Was what necessary, my love? As I was saying . . ."

"Here," said Julia busily to Michael, "you hold the string, and I'll tie it up again."

Her bright face bent, pouting, over Michael's hand; but before she had tied the knot, her own were trembling. She moved away quickly. "What white hands you have, Michael," she said evenly.

The bishop felt his throat contract. "Perhaps I am in the way," he said stiffly. "Shall I go?"

She gave him a bright smile, but absent-minded. "Go along, dear, if you have business," she said; "we won't need you. Michael and I will do the tree together. It's almost done, anyway."

"You don't need me?" croaked the bishop incredulously.

"Of course not. Do go along now, and leave us alone."

"I am not needed," said the bishop. And he went heavily out of the room and out of the house. They heard the front door close.

His heart was beating heavily; a dull misery burned behind his eyes. What was happening in there, in that softly lighted room behind him? He saw his wife smile absent-mindedly, he heard her say again, "Go along, dear, we don't need you. . . ." How cruel it sounded, out there in the dark. To be in the way—to be sent off—such a thing had never happened to him before. Well, it had happened now. . . . His heart sank low in his breast.

He stood in the street in bitter loneliness; and his thoughts trod his heart down with heavy feet. How beautiful they looked together, the divine stranger and the smiling wife. He saw her turn to Michael, bend over

the angelic hands . . . He saw her lift her face, he saw her eyes grow tender. . . .

It was hard to tell where all the pain came from. If they kissed . . . The blood rushed to his head, he felt sick and dizzy. But whether they did or not—they had sent him out, alone, in the dark. They didn't care where he went or what happened to him, Julia didn't care. She had robbed him of dignity, of all that made him a man, and a bishop. She no longer looked up to him. All she saw was Michael. . . .

His dignity? What was his dignity against the heavenly hosts? what helplessness . . . what helplessness.

He tried to steady his thoughts, to be humble and calm. But all he felt was pain; and a dull rage, like a child's. It passed, and left him weak and cold, with dragging limbs. He turned, half blindly, to the cathedral. . . .

It was not God he wanted, but his business—his cool, mothering business. The street lamps were ringed with fog; a fog seemed to envelop him, to blow him along between the houses whose tops he could not see, himself a fog-like figure, stiff with misery, starched with woe.

As he entered the cathedral, the first snow fell softly over the city. Below, in the distance, by the river, a freight went by, clanging its lonely bell.

CHAPTER 16

THE snow touched with a whispering sound the windows of the bishop's house, where Michael and Julia stood gazing at the tree whose candles were already lit. Their hands were clasped, like children in a swing between them, trembling and happy. The swing went up a little, and back again, and the fingers clasped one another tighter.

"*Stille Nacht,*" sang Julia to herself, "*heilige Nacht.*"

She looked peacefully around the room. "I suppose you must go soon, Michael," she said.

"Not yet," said Michael. He remained silent, musing. "I am happy," he said at last. "Why should I go?"

"I'm glad," said Julia. Then she said doubt-

fully, "Won't there be services to-night, and Christmas music at the cathedral?"

"There is more music here," said Michael.

Something in his tone made her heart beat out a warning. She tried to draw her hand away, but he held it firmly. "I hear no music," she said hurriedly; "only a freight train's bell . . ."

"Listen," he said; "be still. All around us there is singing."

"Ought we to listen?" she asked faintly.

"We cannot help it," he answered.

"No," she whispered; "how can we?"

"You hear it, too," he said.

"The carillon," she murmured, "from the cathedral."

But he shook his head. "This is no Christmas carol, Julia," he said.

She turned and looked at him; she held her eyes level with his. And in that moment her

heart ceased its uncertain stir, and waited, free and cool.

"What is it, then?" she said. "Tell me, my dear."

And she threw back her head with a proud and tender gesture.

The perfume of the tree, warmed by the candles, sweetened the air. There was a fire in his eyes; blue, blazing, they held her still as a charmed bird, her throat alone trembling. As he drew her close, she had time to notice everything,—the windows blue with night, the glittering tree, one corner of a curtain caught in a fold. . . . This was what she had been waiting for all those long weeks. She did not know what it would be like; but she knew it would not be like her wedding-night. She thought that she would not be frightened; but she was mistaken.

And Michael, too, felt in his veins a long-

lost, heavenly fire melting the mortal coils in which he had wound himself. It seemed to him that he heard about his ears the thunders of the host, the music and hallelujahs of his brothers, long silent; their shadowy wings passed and repassed about his head, filling the room with a radiance he remembered. Gone were the bands of the cleric in which he had dressed himself; nothing was left to him but the emotion of which he was created, the love and the glory, the beauty and the longing.

Was it a mortal woman he held in his arms? He could not tell. It seemed to him like once, long ago, in a garden, before a tree; it was his youth he held there, close to his breast. His brothers crowded about him, their voices sang in his heart the lonely and lovely music, their wing-tips brushed his shoulders. He bent his head to hers; with closed eyes, they

dreamed of Heaven and youth, of Eden, and of joy.

I remember, I remember . . .

Yes, it was true . . . before evil, before the tree, in the world's morning, there was this longing, there was this joy . . . this heavenly pain. . . .

Julia was the first to rouse herself. "Michael," she breathed; "we mustn't."

He did not answer, only pressed her closer to his heart. She rested her head against his shoulder, her hair making a little golden cloud below his cheek. "It's so strange," she whispered. "What has happened? Is it I? You seem to have great shadowy wings . . . I'm so silly . . . my heart is beating so . . ."

"Be still," he answered, "it is I. Dream yet a little."

She moved uneasily in his arms; her hands fluttered against him. "I can't," she said. "I

daren't any more . . . it frightens me. This isn't right, Michael. We must stop."

And she made to disengage herself. But he held her tight; he was all angel, his spirit, burning, passed over her mortal strength like a flame. . . . "Stop?" he cried; "we cannot stop, my Julia. See, this room is filled with divine and happy beings. Heaven bends to earth to leave this kiss upon your mouth, and the choirs break into shouts of hallelujah. Shall I shed this mortal coat, and fold you in my wings? You would die, my darling, of longing. Close your eyes; do not look too carefully. Let me seal them with this kiss, and this.

"Once, when I was young, I heard such music, long ago . . ."

She strained backward, away from his breast. "This is a sin," she moaned. "What are we doing?"

He paused; the divine voice faltered. "Hush," he said, laying his finger across her lips. "Hush, my darling. Do not speak of sin. Speak of joy."

"I cannot, I cannot. . . . It is wrong."

He seemed to shudder; touched by a mortal chill, his arms loosed their hold upon her. "You will drive me away," he whispered, "if you say such things."

"Yes," she answered desperately, "I must. It is true."

"Let me love you," he pleaded; "only let me love you."

"No, no, I am frightened. This is too much. . . ."

"Do not drive me away as you did once, long ago. . . ."

She answered in a voice infinitely remote, infinitely sad, "I do not forget. I do what I must."

And still he fought for his life against what man had made him. "Wait," he cried to the shadowy figures which thronged around him, watching his struggle with sad and pitying faces, "do not go yet. Help me; speak to her of joy, cover her with your wings, sing to her of Heaven and earth, whisper to her of paradise."

The ethereal forms gathered about her, enveloped her in their wings, sang to her with the voices of her childhood:

Julia, remember . . .

The fresh, pure joy, the young, sweet rapture, the wonder . . .

Her eyes closed: half in a dream she lifted her face to receive again that kiss, which she felt less upon her lips than upon her heart.

My darling, my darling . . .

What happiness.

But again, and for the last time, she tore

herself away. "Michael," she cried, her hands in front of her face, "what are we thinking of? We are mad."

She stood staring at him with wild, shocked eyes. "You," she said, "of all people . . . and I. An archdeacon—my husband's helper . . ."

Tears gathered in her eyes and ran unheeded down her face. "It was my fault," she said bravely. "I have only myself to blame. I should never have tried . . . I should have known . . . my child . . . my duty . . ."

She broke off, speechless. And Michael, too, said nothing; he stood still, while the fire died slowly in his heart. Duty . . . he was an archdeacon.

What else could he expect? Had he forgotten all that had happened in the world?

He was cold; he felt the bands of the clerical collar about his neck, his ears hummed with silence.

"Forgive me," he said quietly; "I will go now. I should not have spoken of joy—no, not in this world."

She came up to him, her hands outstretched, pleading. She no longer feared him; an overwhelming pity for him filled her heart, pity for herself, for the sad two of them. "Michael," she said, "it is I who must ask forgiveness. I wanted you to love me. I didn't know it would be like that.

"Perhaps I love you, too. I don't know. It was too much. It frightened me."

She took his hands, and pressed them against her cheeks. "I don't know what I'll do," she said; "I've got to think.

"Go now, my dear."

He took her once more, gently, in his arms; he kissed her cheek, dabbled with tears. "Good night," he said. "Do not be frightened. Eden is far away."

So saying, Doctor Michael, Archdeacon of St. Timothy's, turned and left the house.

She put the candles out on the tree, one by one. When the tree was dark, she went soberly up the stairs. At Juliet's door she stopped to listen, but all was still. On tiptoe, then, she crossed the hall to her own room, and shut the door. Her mind was empty; she was exhausted, she thought of nothing.

But Juliet was not asleep; excitement had roused her long before the dawn. She sat up in bed, and looked at the place where her stocking was hung. Was it full yet? She couldn't tell, it was so dark. She wanted to get up, and go over to see; but prudence restrained her. Suppose her mother had been wrong about the lions and tigers? Under the bedcovers they couldn't very well reach her; but on the bare floor, in her nighty . . . what an easy morsel she would be. A lonely freight

went by outside with a faint hoot at the river's edge; she shivered a little, it made such a lonesome sound. With a sigh she reached for her doll, Maryannlouise, who slept, tidy and untroubled, beside her. "Never mind," she said to the doll; "go to sleep now."

Outside in the night, she heard the soft, spitting snow; and a peal of bells from the cathedral. Her own eyes closed again; the little hand fell back from the doll's smooth face. "Don't be afraid," she murmured. "Nothing can hurt you. God won't let it.

"Merry Christmas to-morrow morning, Maryannlouise."

CHAPTER 17

In the early morning, Michael presented himself at the house of Doctor Wutheridge, Lanyarde professor of Semitic languages at the University. He was pale and weary; his eyes burned deep in his white face, like low blue flames. Although the sun was barely above the rooftops, he discovered the professor seated at table, enjoying, in the snowy light, a breakfast of fruit, cereal, eggs, bacon, waffles, toast, and coffee; and reading the paper, over which he uttered occasional groans.

"Well," he said, "what do you think: Mr. Litvinoff has demanded that all the nations of the world lay down their arms. But Monsieur Boncourt and Lord Cushenden have courageously pointed out that such a scheme

would leave their countries open to the danger of an invasion. These men are patriots; but they also deserve to be called philosophers."

Putting down the paper, he regarded Michael with a gloomy countenance. "There will always be wars," he declared, "until every man, woman, and child is enrolled as a common soldier, and obliged to join the army in the field. When that occurs, there will no longer be any one to exclude from that glorious military company; and an experience common to all will no longer attract any one.

"Will you join me in some Christmas toast and coffee?"

"I am in mortal trouble," said Michael.

The professor buttered a slice of bread. "It does not surprise me," he said. "However, continue."

"I am in love," said Michael, "with a married woman."

"You are right," said the professor: "that is a mortal trouble. It is the curse of human beings to desire always what does not belong to them. It was Epictetus who said: True education lies in learning to distinguish what is ours from what does not belong to us."

And he added, with his mouth full,

"Did you put me down on the list?"

"She is a good woman," said Michael, "but she loves me. As archdeacon of St. Timothy's I can find no excuse for such a passion."

"Certainly not," agreed the professor.

"But as an angel," continued Michael, "it fills me with felicity. It reminds me of the time when all was love, before there was evil in the world, and when man's only duty was joy, which he shared with the angels.

"Alas," he added, sighing, "she cannot rid herself of evil. Like Eve she banishes me again from paradise, by talking to me of right

and wrong. Imagine: there I stand, while the divine fire dies in my veins—overwhelmed and embarrassed by the consciousness of original sin. The angel disappears, to make room for the archdeacon who is naturally horrified at such behavior."

"Naturally," said the professor. He added, sensibly, "Will her husband divorce her?"

"Her husband," said Michael, "does not favor divorce, except under one extreme condition, which her purity forbids."

"Tst," said the professor; "well, there you are."

And he shook his head disconsolately.

"Perhaps it would be possible," he said hopefully, "to have the marriage annulled. Such things have happened: I notice that the marriage of an English duke to an American duchess has recently been declared invalid after twenty years of wedded bliss. The two children of their union are not affected by the

decree which makes sinners of their parents. According to the opinion of an eminent and scholarly divine who was questioned in the matter, the parents may have lived together, but they were not married. Nevertheless, it is his contention that the children remain legitimate and of noble blood. As they belong to another church, this decision, moreover, makes no difference whatever."

"The practises of one church," replied Michael, "do not conform to those of another. Nor do the customs of the past lend themselves to the present. David, King of Judah, sent Uriah the Hittite to his death, in order to possess himself of Uriah's wife, the lovely Bath-Sheba. It was a scandal in Jewry; he was first roundly scolded by Nathan, the bitter apple of God; and later punished; but he acquired Bath-Sheba. Still, I am not in David's position."

He held out his hands pleadingly to the

professor. "Tell me," he cried, "how can I possess this woman whose face is the face of Eve dreaming in the garden, whose heart is full of joy, like my youth?"

"My dear Doctor Michael," answered the professor, "if your bishop will give you no other cause for divorce than adultery, then you must commit adultery."

"Ah," said Michael. "Hum."

"Unfortunately," the professor went on, "that is impossible."

At the archdeacon's startled expression, Professor Wutheridge allowed himself a dry smile. "You forget," he said, "that you are an angel. And nowhere in my researches have I come upon an angel of Semitic extraction capable of performing such a feat.

"You are immortal; a spirit, a child of light, a pure and perfect being. How can you feel a mortal hunger? How can you, not being made of earth, experience an earthly desire?

What you feel is a divine discontent, an eternal longing. Do not mistake this emotion for love. The love of man and woman is a different thing entirely. It is full of pain, and human hunger; in the unending desert of eternity, it is an illusion of comfort, it is a mirage of consolation. It is also, in addition, an irresistible impulse of a purely animal nature. I know nothing about it myself, but I have studied the poets.

"No, no, my friend, the love you offer your lady would first frighten, and then disappoint her. It is not meant for earth. Remember that your discontent is divine, and your longing endless; and that you can neither experience nor give earthly satisfaction. That is, perhaps, a little sad for you; but such an explanation would not satisfy your mistress, who would expect at least a satyr, after so much longing."

"You are right," said Michael: "how could

I possess her? I might have thought that out for myself, with more time."

He seized the professor's hand in both of his. "Thank you, my friend," he exclaimed, "for saving me from such an impossible attempt. I can see that the longing on which we immortals feed, and of which we are created, is no food for mortal men and women. We can only speak to them of a beauty not of this earth; we can only visit them in dreams, and stir their hearts with a vague longing, troublingly sweet, and soon forgotten."

So saying, and with a face from which every trace of anxiety had vanished, he turned to go. "Good-by," he said with a radiant smile; "God will reward you."

"Good-by," said the professor. "Don't forget to put me on the list."

With these words he turned back to his paper, in which he found the following piece of news:

Philadelphia, March 14—The first female statue of early date to be found in Mesopotamia, together with bronze and silver objects of great intrinsic and historical value, has been uncovered at Ur of the Chaldees in the ruins of the remarkable Temple of the Moon, excavated by the joint expedition of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania Museum.

Vessels in which the last meal of Sumerian priests was cooked more than 4,000 years ago have been dug from their mausoleum of sand. Coffins of hammered copper were unexpected finds.

Among the fragments which combined to make up vases and other things of alabaster of diorite dedicated by kings and pious worshipers in the shrine of the moon goddess, was found a diorite statue of the goddess Bau, patroness of the poultry yard. The statue represents a squat and solid figure in an elaborately flounced dress seated on a throne supported by angels. It is the first statue which has been found complete, for only the nose is missing, and it is the first female statue of early date ever found in Mesopotamia.

The professor closed his eyes luxuriously. "Doctor Michael would have enjoyed that," he thought; "I should have shown it to him."

CHAPTER 18

THE city lay shining under the white fall of snow; the sun burst into a thousand sparkles, the houses stood out boldly in the clear, blue air. "Come," they seemed to say, "this is something elegant." Already little children with shiny new sleds coasted on the hills in the park, calling to one another with happy voices. Every one was gay because it was Christmas, and because the weather was fine.

At the bishop's house all was in readiness for Juliet's Christmas party. She had seen the tree, she had received her presents—overcome with surprise, as always, that there was more than one, and presently with weariness because there were so many; she had given gifts

to the nurse, the cook, the maids, peering up into their faces from a position level with their knees, to make sure that all was well; and she had given a box of cigars to Mr. Sams, the policeman on the block. There was nothing more to do, then, but wait for Potter, her only guest. For Julia wisely thought that on such an exciting occasion, and at four-going-on-five, one guest was enough.

She herself had not slept all night, although she had decided nothing. She was weary, but she was busy, and for that reason relaxed from anxiety; though she knew that before the day was over she would have to come to a decision. What it was she was obliged to decide she really did not know. That she should leave her husband had never entered her head. Nor did she mean to sin, exactly. Possibly the decision would arrive of itself, without too clear thought—just as the situation itself had

arrived apparently without her having had much to do with it.

Without . . . ? Well, at least, she hadn't meant it to happen just that way. That is to say, of course . . .

She bit her lip, and bent to straighten the ribbon around Juliet's waist. "Be nice to Potter, dear," she said to her. "Give him his present very sweetly."

"I'll very sweetly give him a little kiss," said Juliet. "That is," she added doubtfully, "if he lets me."

But when Potter finally arrived, his feet in their boots and leggings powdered with snow, his cheeks red from the clear frosty air, she simply looked at him and turned away. He was not surprised; nevertheless, while his nurse undid his jacket, he watched Juliet out of the corner of his eye. And as soon as he was free, he trotted over to where she sat

squatting on her heels, playing with a toy from the tree.

"Look at my suit," he said, placing himself in front of her.

And he stuck out his stomach, over which his mother had placed a velvet coat and a shirt with lace.

"Look, please," he said.

"Yes," she replied. "I see it." But she did not look up.

"Don't you love me in my party suit?" he asked in surprise.

"It's very nice," said Juliet calmly. She arose, and went over to her mother. "Mother," she cried with her utmost gaiety, "do you remember how I gave Mr. Sams a present? What did he say, mother? Did he say I was a sweet little girl?"

"Yes," said Julia without enthusiasm. "But just the same, darling . . ."

"And do you remember," went on Juliet, "how I gave the presents to everybody? And how I came down in the morning, and saw the tree, and I said, oh . . ."

Julia took her daughter firmly by the hand. "Come," she said; "let's give Potter his present now—shall we?"

They went over to the tree, and found a box marked with Potter's name. Juliet held it out to him without a word; he took it silently and started to unwrap it. When he saw that it contained a clown made of wood, and able to move its arms and legs, his face fell. "What else have you got for me?" he asked, looking hopefully at the tree.

Julia smiled and sighed; she had known what to expect. She unhooked a small drum from a branch, and held it out to him. At the sight of the drum he grew gloomier than ever.

"I don't like that," he said. "I don't like my presents very much."

And he sat down with a sigh, to play with his clown.

Juliet's face quivered. She approached her mother with her head bent, and put her arms about her knees. "I haven't any clown," she said in a trembling voice. "I love a clown. You gave my clown to Potter. It's my tree. It's my party. You gave him my lovely clown."

She began to weep. "I haven't any party suit," she sobbed. "I haven't any nice new party suit."

Potter paid no attention to her. "Here I go jumping," he remarked, throwing the doll into the air, "and here I fall down, bang."

"Darling," said Julia, hugging her daughter, whose heart was broken, and wiping her nose from which the tears also were running, "it was you who gave the clown to Potter—don't

you remember? It's because it was your party that you gave the clown away. Nobody else could possibly give the clown away, at your very own party . . . you gave it away because you loved it. That was a very sweet thing to do. That's the nicest thing of all, to give away the things you like yourself. That's a grown-up thing to do."

Juliet's sobs ceased. "Did I give the clown away all myself?" she asked.

"You did, my lamb."

"Was I sweet, mother, to give him my clown?"

"Yes, darling, you were sweet . . ."

Smiling and gracious, though a little inclined to hiccup, Juliet marched over and sat down beside Potter.

"That's the funniest clown," she said. "Look how he jumps."

"I can jump, if I want to," said Potter.

And then, surprisingly he added,

"You have a nice dress, too."

That was enough: leaning forward, she enclosed his head in her arms, and gave him a kiss like a little bird, on the cheek. Then going to the tree, she reached up on tiptoe and took down the angel. "Here," she said, "you can have this. I don't want it any more."

"Say thank you," said the governess, hopefully.

"I don't want to," said Potter.

And he added, not unreasonably,

"I don't like it, anyhow."

Julia, watching the two of them, found her thoughts taking shape again, almost without her knowing it. What was it she had said to Juliet? "That's a grown-up thing to do." To give away the thing you wanted most of all. . . . But what was it she wanted so much? Was there anything she wanted more than Juliet?

Poor soul, she thought, she's all alone,

really, except for me. There was Henry, of course, but he was so busy; and she and Juliet were women together, she could almost say friends together. Not friends, perhaps, as one could be with a little brother or sister of one's own; but still, they understood each other. Why was there no little sister for Juliet to play with, and whisper to?

There might be, of course. Strange, how it made her heart beat to think of it. But she was changed; she wasn't the same any more. Something had happened to her.

She had to face it; something was aroused in her now, something she had never had to face before. She didn't know what it was exactly; but it felt like longing. Not like the old dreams: this was new and heavy, this was in her throat, in her breasts, in her whole body. She clenched her hands: what was she to do with it?

There was beauty in it, too—even in the pain. But how could she ever reach it, how could she ever come to it? If she went to Henry . . . Beauty? She gave a dry sob.

No, Henry would give her no beauty. But if he gave her life to carry, wasn't that beauty, too? Wasn't it beauty enough? Must she have everything?

Henry could give her life to carry . . . another child, like Juliet all her own, made of her dreams, her desires, her blood and bone. . . .

Yes, there was peace in that; it spoke to her heart with peace. Quiet again, serene, she turned to face herself. Was this, then, what she wanted—another child, for Juliet's sake, (or for her own, what was the difference)? Those long, slow, dreaming days, the new life heavy in her, under her heart . . . the months at the breast, the tiny, sweet, help-

less hands . . . why had she been so long without it?

Soon Juliet would be grown indeed; and who would need her then? She stood very still; with eyes which saw nothing she stood staring at the children. Already the longing had turned inward: the fertile fields of her nature, warmed for a moment by an unseasonable sun, dreamed of the harvest.

She thought no more of Michael—not then, not yet. There would be time for that later, in the long days to come. He had taught her heart; what more did she want of him?

He had not said it was a sin to love.

It was no sin to love—no, not even that way, not with all the hunger of her body. Henry was wrong; she would tell him, she would make him see.

She shook her head slowly. She could never make him see. She would never feel, in his

frightened arms, the rapture, the pain, of that unforgetable moment before the tree. She would close her eyes and bear it—as he would, too. And behind her closed eyes—whose face would she see? Her whole body trembled; she took a long, sighing breath. There was no help for it, she had no courage for anything else. Or was hers the stricter courage? "That's a grown-up thing to do. . . ."

Something told her, at that moment, that she would never, in all her life, be able to answer that question. She bowed her head.

CHAPTER 19

THE winter passed; and in the spring, with the new life stirring within her, she walked in the Mall among the children, between the flowering trees. The carousel was open, she could hear the music, gay and out of tune, as the children rode around and around on the wooden horses, lions and giraffes. The first yellow tulips were out, in beds below the rocks; like them she drank in the sun, untroubled and grateful.

She sat on a bench, near the sweet green grass, and gazed out across the drive at the city misty in the soft spring light. The pigeons strutted at her feet; a robin sang, near by, three watery notes, his head tilted to one side.

She smiled, and sighed; and the man sitting at the other end of the bench turned and looked at her. "How do you do, Mrs. Brougham," he said.

At her slight start of surprise he arose, and bowed. "You must pardon me," he said. "I am a contributor to your husband's cathedral."

She smiled wearily. "How nice," she remarked. And she added, with a polite wave of her hand, "What a lovely day."

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "I was present on one occasion when you came to join your daughter in the Mall. I was talking to Doctor Michael at the time; and you came up to us with your cheeks red from the cold. Naturally you would not remember me; but I have more reason not to forget you."

"Yes," said Julia, "I remember. It was before Christmas." And she gave him an amiable smile.

"Have you had a pleasant winter?" she asked. "I'm so glad it's spring again."

The professor shrugged his shoulders. "My winters are all the same," he said; "one is like another. But tell me—what has happened to my friend, the archdeacon? I do not see him any more in the Mall with your charming daughter, or at the cathedral on Sundays."

It was a moment or two before she answered. "He has gone home," she said at last, evenly. "He left us soon after Christmas. I think he found the city a little distressing."

The professor nodded his head wisely. "I am not surprised," he declared. "So he has gone home again. Hm."

And he added somewhat plaintively, "I was hoping to ask him some more questions.

"Ah, well—perhaps he could not have answered them.

"And your husband, Mrs. Brougham, the

bishop? Is he very busy? I suppose that his plans for the new cathedral absorb most of his time."

She bent her head. "Yes," she said in a low voice; "he is very busy. It has taken all his time this winter . . . naturally."

"I believe," remarked the professor, "that it will cost many millions of dollars; and that it will take rank among the greatest cathedrals in the world."

"That is true," she admitted; "but that is not what my husband cares about, really. What he has in mind is not the Church, but the home. He always says that we are a nation of homes, not of churches."

"A very sensible remark," declared Professor Wutheridge.

"My husband," said Julia, "has always been a very sensible man."

And with the faintest sigh in the world, she

turned to her daughter, who was approaching her with a serious expression, followed at a decent distance by Potter, who did not look at all hopeful.

"Mother," said Juliet, "we want to go on the carousel. Please will you take us on the carousel, mother? We'd like to ride around, and around . . . and around. . . ."

FINIS

FOURTEEN DAYS

Nathan, Robert
The Bishop's wife

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